

The TATLER

Vol. CXXV. No. 1631.

London
Sept. 28, 1932



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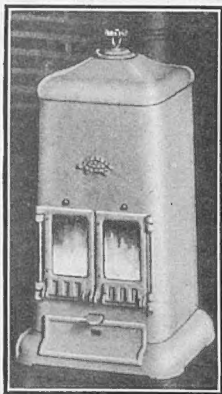
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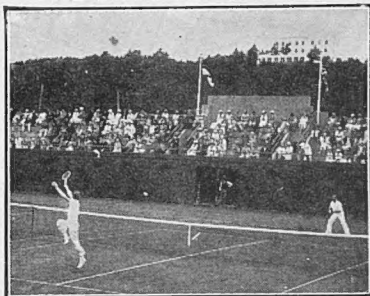
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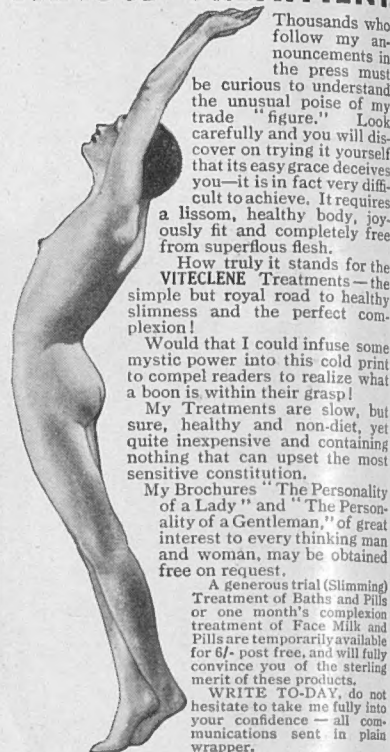
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Vol. CXXV. No. 1631. London, September 28, 1932

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THE HON. MRS. CHARLES BAILLIE-HAMILTON

Bertram Park, Dover Street

A recent portrait of the wife of the Hon. Charles Baillie-Hamilton, who is the only brother of the Earl of Haddington. When Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton was married in 1929 she was Miss Wanda Holden, and is the daughter of Mr. Norman Holden. The Hon. Charles Baillie-Hamilton was Member for Bath from 1929 till 1931



AT BRACKLEY HUNTER SHOW: MRS. HODGSON, THE HON. DENZIL FORTESCUE, LADY PENRHYN, AND THE HON. MRS. DU BUISSON

They had a nice day for it at the Brackley Hunter Show and everybody seemed to enjoy him and herself. The Hon. Denzil Fortescue is Lord Fortescue's younger son. Lady Penrhyn is a sister-in-law of Lady Portman, and the Hon. Mrs. Du Buisson used to be the Hon. Sylvia Portman and is Lord Portman's elder sister, and married Captain T. G. Du Buisson in February

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

MY DEAR,—This is about the last week that Scotland will continue to monopolise the news. The South is coming into its own again and London is filling up. We have had a Cochran-Coward first night, the *Grand Hotel* first night, and several other things to prove it. And those of us who have been back for a week or so are already well set for the autumn and the little season.

At the Café de Paris last week I found Prince Aly Khan, Colonel and Madame Woevodsky, and Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth at one table, Miss Margaret Whigham, "just back from everywhere," at another, and a large party consisting of Lord and Lady Sackville, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson, the Rane of Pudukota, and Lady Furness, all having a very gay evening. I also saw Mr. Roland, the first secretary to the Spanish Embassy. He is one of the most popular young bachelors in London, always ready to make a party go.

* * *

I took myself to the Noel Coward first night of *Words and Music*. It's a wonder I'm alive to tell the tale, what with the intense heat inside the theatre, and the disorderly mob collected right in the doorway, waving autograph albums at the celebrities as they struggled to leave. White shoes were white no more, and dresses clung to their owners out of pure loyalty.

A word for Mr. Coward. I thought the show excellent, and this brilliant young author sat in his box and watched the effect of each scene on the faces of his audience, with a sly impish smile. It has been called a trifle sarcastic, but perhaps his wit went too far home to some of the ultra fashionables. "They can't take it."

It would be easier to tell you who wasn't there, but I will

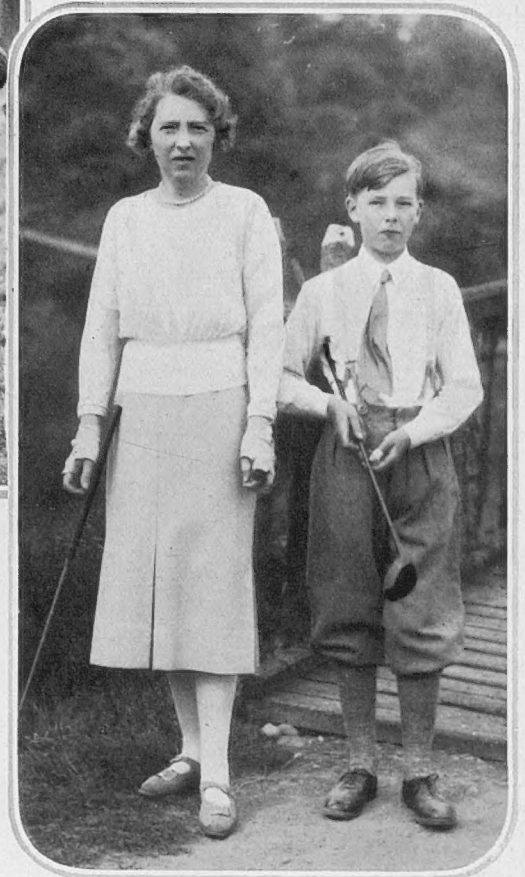


AT MUSSELBURGH RACES LAST WEEK

Admiral Sir John Green, Commander and Mrs. Arthur Galbraith, and Miss Betty Ewing. Sir John Green was Commanding Officer the Coast of Scotland, 1922-23, and before that had been Admiral Superintendent, Rosyth. Mrs. Galbraith, who was Miss Muriel Ballantyne, is as keen as several next people on racing

Some more pictures of this meeting appear on p. 525 in this issue

THE LETTERS OF EVE



Arthur Owen

LADY ZIA WERNHER AND HER SON ALEX AT GLENEAGLES

A snapshot on the famous club links last week. Lady Zia Wernher is the wife of the senior Master of the Fernie, Sir Harold Wernher, who owns that grand old steed, Brown Jack

abstain from exposing them by such a social *faux pas*.

The next day I enjoyed a day's racing at Windsor in perfect summer weather. The last day of summer, possibly, judging by the rain and cold we have been enduring ever since. However the experts are promising a heat wave, so that last remark will probably look very foolish by the time it is in print.

Windsor is always a pleasant place for racing, for it has the most enchanting paddock in the country. And it was specially good to be there the other day, for it seems months since we have had any racing in the south. I found many more familiar faces than I had expected, and almost more owners than I cared to meet. For I was unlucky with those owners. Some I ran into too soon because their horses lost. Othersto late when their horses had already won.

Of those I did see, there were Lady Evelyn Beauchamp and an Egerton brother or two, Major and Mrs. Harry Lyons, and the Lansdale Wilsons, who have a lovely place with a swimming pool not far from Windsor. How unlucky they have been this year. Mr. and Mrs. Bill Harvey were there, looking very well after their three weeks at Le Touquet, and looking even better after their horse, Swiftford, had won for them.

Others to be seen included Captain Gibbons and his daughter Nancy, Sir Malcolm McAlpine and his two sisters, Baroness de Belabre and Mrs. Hugo Chenevix Trench, and his son Robin, who has just returned from a six weeks' motor-tour in Eastern Europe, Mr. Teddie Howard, Sir Alfred Butt, and Major Philip Gribble.

Major Gribble was very much to the fore at the Doncaster sales, and bought no less than eight yearlings, which he has put into training with Mr. Briscoe; so perhaps he will be as prominent next year on the race-course, for all Miss Dorothy Paget's horses are trained in that stable, and she has had a pretty successful season. Major Gribble is a very versatile person who can combine the qualities necessary to be a shrewd financier, a minor tobacco magnate and a novelist, with those necessary for the enjoyment of a quiet country life in Norfolk. A few years ago he bought Tacolnstone, which once belonged to the late Lord Brentford.

It was a thrilling match at Stoke Poges when Miss de Gunzburg took Miss Doran to the nineteenth hole in the final of the Girls' Golf Championship. The standard of golf played throughout the week was extremely high, but the final match showed that both girls were suffering from the strenuous matches in the earlier rounds. On the eve of the final match a ball was given at Stoke Court, one of the most beautiful Elizabethan houses in England formerly owned by the Allhusen family, and now a most popular club where many of the competitors were staying, and where facilities for every sport from yo-yo upwards are available.

Miss Lulu Esmond played magnificent golf in the early rounds but was not so successful as her cousin, the runner-up. Miss Esmond is the youngest daughter of Mr. Edward Esmond and sister of Miss Diana Esmond, who has so far distinguished herself more prominently in the golfing world than any other member of the family, and has now added horse-racing to her other hobbies. The eldest Esmond daughter married Count Uzielli, one of the richest young Italians in the world. The family have a house in Paris and also at North Berwick, where they



H.M. THE QUEEN AT ELSICK HOUSE, KINCARDINESHIRE

An interesting group taken last week when Her Majesty was on a visit to Lord Carnegie and Lady Maud Carnegie at Elsick House, and planted a tree to commemorate the occasion. Lady Maud Carnegie (Princess Maud) is the younger daughter of the late Princess Royal and the first Duke of Fife. In this picture the names, left to right, are: Front row—Lady Maud Carnegie, H.M. the Queen, The Master of Carnegie, and Princess Helena Victoria; back row—Lord Carnegie, the Earl of Southesk, the father of Lord Carnegie, Miss Bruce, Princess Alice, and the Hon. Evan Morgan.

balmy, though wetter, climate of the west is a pleasant change after the bracing air of Edinburgh, where Lord and Lady Kinross spend most of the year.



IN LONDON LAST WEEK: LADY PLUNKET

One of the many pleasant signs that London is being re-occupied by its Society garrison. Lord Plunket is in the Rifle Brigade (Reserve of Officers) and served through the War with his battalion, going to a staff job after it

practise their golf every summer before taking part in the autumn competitions.

Lord and Lady Kinross have been spending their summer holiday on the island of Lisamore, off Oban. They often take a house on the small island of Iona, which is a most romantic spot off the west coast of Mull, and it was on this island that St. Columba landed from Ireland some years ago. It has a very beautiful cathedral where the Dukes of Argyll are buried, but when the late Duchess of Argyll died the sea was so rough that they had enormous difficulty in getting her coffin over there from the mainland, and the boat nearly sank. Iona is open to the Atlantic, and it can therefore be very rough. But the

To my mind Edinburgh is one of the most delightful and romantic cities in the world, and I always envy people who live in it or near it. Next Friday it will be enlivened by the arrival of the 2nd Battle Squadron, the *Nelson*, the flagship of Admiral Sir John Kelly; the *Rodney*, *Malaya*, *Warspite*, and *Valiant* will all be assembled at Rosyth in the Firth of Forth. There are several large houses near the Firth ready to welcome the sailors, such as Hopetoun with its large family of young people, and Alloa where Lord and Lady Mar always keep open house. One of Lord Bury's sons is in the *Nelson* and Sir Bryan Godfrey Faussett's younger son, David, joined her a week or two ago.

Speaking of Lord Bury reminds me of his father, Lord Albemarle, and of the eastern counties and the shooting parties which are growing beautifully less, as most people have been obliged to turn their shoots into syndicates. Lord Somerleyton, who is just as good a shot now as he was twenty years ago, had some of the best in the county, but it has been a syndicate for some time now. I hear the partridges this year are as scarce as the money! The King and Queen will be at Sandringham next month for the shooting, which is always good though not on the scale of former years when more pheasants were reared and the famous stand at Horseshoe Corner always yielded a record bag.

But for the moment Their Majesties remain in Scotland, being visited, in turn, by various members of their family. The Prince of Wales, who inspected the Ballater Guard of Honour on his arrival before going on to Balmoral, took both his small Cairn terriers up

(Continued overleaf)
c 2

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

with him. They travelled in his sleeper, which was booked in the name of "Mr. Smith," and H.R.H. performed a miraculous change in the train! He boarded it in grey flannels and emerged



AT AIX-LES-BAINS: ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR VICTOR AND LADY STANLEY AND MISS STANLEY

A snapshot at the Source of the eldest of Lord Derby's six brothers. Sir Victor Stanley's sea service is very comprehensive—from the bombardment of Alexandria to Jutland—and after. Lady Stanley is a daughter of the late the Hon. C. E. Pooley

next morning in full Highland dress! Probably few young men in their day have played more varied parts at shorter notice!

At Langham Lord and Lady Dalkeith are at present entertaining Prince George, who left Balmoral the day after the Prince arrived. The Lodge, Langham, which is in Dumfriesshire, about fifty miles away from Edinburgh, is one of the most beautiful places in the lowlands of Scotland and has been in the Buccleuch family for many hundreds of years. Another very beautiful old house, also the property of the Dukes of Buccleuch, is Boughton Hall, a place of great historic interest.

After his stay at Langham, Prince George is going on to stay with Mrs. Eddie Compton at Newby Hall in Yorkshire. He will remain there for a week, during which time he will officiate at various functions in Leeds. Major and Mrs. Humphrey Butler will also be in the party, Major Butler being one of the Prince's Equerries—the other one is that equally popular person, Major Ulick Alexander.

Mr. Roger Makins, the son of General Makins, and one of our most brilliant young diplomats, has arrived home recently from Washington on leave. He went out there over a year ago as secretary to Sir Ronald Lindsay, and he is returning again before Christmas to resume his duties. Mr. Makins is a Fellow of All Souls, and before he decided on a diplomatic career took all the Bar exams, which he passed with flying honours. He shares a house in Washington with another secretary, and as it is only a few minutes' walk from the Embassy itself they find it very convenient. Before going to America Mr. Makins was in the American Department at the Foreign Office in London. Washington is the first post to which he has been sent.

Another person who has lately returned after a long absence abroad is Katherine Lady Cromer, who has been in South Africa on a visit to her son,

Mr. Evelyn Baring. She brought back a lion which was secured by her son on one of his big-game shooting expeditions. But it is dead, not alive, and destined to continue its existence as a rug! Lady Cromer is a faithful patroness of the Promenade Concerts, and was so keen not to miss the chance of hearing good music that she attended many concerts both at Cape Town and at Durban, where the orchestras, though small in size, are great in their aims and ambitions. Incidentally I hear a lot of people talking about the delights of wintering in South Africa, and there are many worse places to have a bit of real summer.

One of Lady Cromer's sisters is Lady Alice Shaw Stewart, who is also a keen musician, and entertains many musical friends at Ardgowan, her home in Scotland. She and Sir Hugh Shaw Stewart have several shooting parties every year, and these are very popular among their young relations. Lady Alice and Lady Cromer have an unmarried sister, Lady Beatrix Thynne, and one brother, Lord Bath, the father of Lord Weymouth.

Lots of English people who have been out to America or Canada this year seem to have found some excuse or other to visit British Columbia before their return. Though everyone has been too broke to give big parties, there has been plenty of gaiety in Victoria. The Bessboroughs and their son, Lord Duncannon, spent a few days of their tour there. She is as charming as she looks, which is saying a good deal, and she is very popular all over the Dominion.

Lord and Lady Chaplin made Victoria the western-most point of their Canadian tour, and Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, Lord Hinchinbroke, and Captain Victor Cazalet all went on there from Ottawa. Captain Cazalet combines an interest in the Hudson Bay Company with his parliamentary duties. Mr. Roland Harper, one of the English hurdlers at the Olympic Games, spent a few days in Victoria after leaving Los Angeles, and Lord Nigel Douglas Hamilton and Colonel Hill, one of the Eton masters, arrived with a public schools tour, which included the young Duke of Grafton. Further excitement was added when Admiral Drax, the Commander-in-Chief of the Bermuda station, arrived in Esquimalt Harbour in H.M.S. *Delhi* and entertained the Bessboroughs at a dinner party, which was followed by a small dance.—Yours ever, EVE.



ALSO AT AIX: SIR HUGO HIRST, MRS. CLAUDE LEIGH, AND THE BEGUM AGA KHAN

Another picture in the really warm sun which unhappily is fast deserting England. Sir Hugo Hirst is a very well-known owner of race-horses. The Aga Khan's charming wife did not go to Doncaster to witness the great Leger triumph as an interesting event is impending



MR. AND MRS. MACLEAN

Though fewer visitors than usual attended this year's Northern Meeting at Inverness the weather for the opening day was perfect, and the piping and other contests well up to standard. Mr. Maclean, who is seen above, is in the Cameron Highlanders. Lady Dunmore (below) brought a large party which included Lady Elizabeth Murray, her younger daughter. Mr. Fletcher and Miss Kemble are engaged

AT INVERNESS

The Northern Meeting



MR. AND MRS. FORBES OF ROTHIEMAY



SEEING MOST OF THE GAMES

Captain Brian Fairfax, Miss Borthwick, Mr. MacKessack, and Miss Grant make a pleasant group for the camera. Aerial activity was also in evidence at the Northern Meeting, hence the sky-scanning which is taking place in the pictures below. Lord and Lady Belper take a deer forest in the Highlands most years, stalking being one of their favourite pursuits. Mr. Donald Cameron and Miss Marion Cameron are the son and daughter of Lochiel and Lady Hermione Cameron



LADY ELIZABETH MURRAY, MISS JEAN KEMBLE, MR. ALASDAIR FLETCHER OF SALTOUN, MR. DAVID KEMBLE AND LADY DUNMORE



LORD AND LADY BELPER, MR. DONALD CAMERON, Yr., OF LOCHIEL AND (right) HIS SISTER, MISS CAMERON

THE CINEMA : An Eskimo Frost By JAMES AGATE

THERE is a kind of decency in letters which people have given up observing. This is the decency whereby authors who have made a character famous for the rest of time should be allowed a copyright in the name of that character. No writer of a five-act tragedy in verse, presuming such misguided dramatists still exist, would dream of calling his hero Hamlet or Manfred, Pizarro or Oroonoko. Why should not the same respect be paid to novelists? In my view it would be wrong to permit any hero to sport the name of Tristram or Peregrine, Jude or Willoughby. Becky and Tess are, of course, *verboten*, and I should with my own hands strangle any author who dubbed his heroine Lorna. Yet the vice is growing, since this week I have read one novel of which the principal character was called by the name of Katherine Mansfield's charwoman, while the hero of another is allowed to call himself Pinch, which one had thought Dickens had made his own. It is all very well for English writers to take their names where they find them. But what are we to say about the American scenario-monger who calls the hero of some cadet-school Tom Brown? Let me confess to considerable annoyance when, at the Empire, there proceeded from the lips of this Tom Brown a stream of that polished and well-bred Americanese which is the more virulently offensive in that it is polished and well-bred. The film itself was harmless enough, except that it contained that extraordinary amount of flag-wagging which seems so unwarranted when one realizes that America never has been at war with anybody in any sense that matters. As far as I could gather, Tom Brown's father had been acclaimed as a hero in the Great War, though he had really been so frightened out of his wits that he had run away. Now, what actually happened to people who ran away in the Great War is fully related in Mr. A. P. Herbert's tragic little book, "The Secret Battle"; such unfortunate were shot in the early morning, and shot by their comrades. In *Tom Brown of Culver* the father was made to appear in front of a medical board fifteen years after the event, whereby he received a certificate proving that, though he did in fact run away, he was under the influence of shell-shock and, therefore, could not be considered a coward. Whereupon Tom Brown took a medal, pinned it on to his father's breast, and saluted him, which is the kind of thing for which any English father would promptly knock his son head over heels into the waste-paper basket. Otherwise the film was entirely harmless. The child is the father of the man, and the goings-on at this military academy, which appeared to be conducted on the lines of the "Big House," amply explained why the American militarist is what he is. After all, America is in a very difficult position. It pretends to have won the greatest war the world has ever known, while at the same time it is afraid to tackle, and is, consequently, at the mercy of, a handful of gunmen. I admit to feeling not quite so confident in making so sweeping a statement as I should have done a few months ago. The motor-bandit has made his appearance in this country, and in response to his challenge the Legislature is showing increased determination that after midnight Mrs. Meyrick and hostesses like her shall sell nothing stronger than cocoa.

After this blameless if unexciting and rather ludicrous picture, there was a rose-lit interval in which we were entertained with something entitled *Ten Minutes with British Composers*. Did this mean that we were to renew, or more probably make, acquaintance with the works of Mr. Holst, Mr. Walton, and Lord Berners? No, it did not! It meant that after some feeble scraps of Sullivan the organ was to pour out a stream of musical slush with sentimental words unfolded on the screen. This culminated in an orgy of Ketelbey on the subject of monastery

gardens. Speaking with that moderation which I take to be characteristic, I shall say that this is, musically speaking, the most deplorable tune ever invented; it floods the decks of consciousness with nostalgic bilge. Yet what a money-maker the mere title has been! The English are the most indecent-minded nation on earth. No decent-minded nation would have had any need of Puritans. It is also the most hypocritically-minded since it will wallow in sensuality so long as it can pretend that it is something else. The flesh is something hardly to be mentioned in public, yet for spectacles dealing with the renunciation of that same do the greatest audiences gather. Add a touch of what Mr. George Moore has called religiosity, and the trick is done. In this country ten minutes of British music means nine minutes of the worst that this country has turned out, whereas in Germany ten minutes of German music would have to mean ten minutes of Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert, and there would be a row in the audience if it didn't.

The evening concluded with the main picture, *Igloo*, supposed to be an account of life as it is lived by Eskimos. This seemed to me to be extraordinarily ineffective, partly through mishandling and partly through that degradation of taste which much picture-going has brought upon even the best-intentioned cinema-goers. Strong drink will in the long run destroy even the finest palates, and I honestly do not believe that my own poor taste in pictures is as good as it was. I seemed to be conscious of an absence of "kick" in this film, perhaps because similar subjects have been treated more excitingly if not more veraciously. We were shown the flukes, or tail, or whatever you call it, of an enormous whale waving about in the Arctic Ocean. Then we saw a boatful of Eskimos getting ready to harpoon the leviathan, and we prepared for an exciting chase like that in *Moby Dick*, with the boat smashed to smithereens and everybody tossed out of it like boys in a blanket. But nothing happened. The whale got away, and the Eskimos, deciding that it was useless to pursue, gave up the chase. Here, one reflected, that whereas fact may be stranger than fiction, life is not half so exciting as the pictures, doubtless wrongly, have taught us to suppose. I think that, perhaps, the real fault was in the necessity, or supposed necessity, for a commentator whose running commentary was alternately inept and grandiose, and sometimes both. What I should like to do with this film would be to make it silent, by which I mean suppress the commentator in favour of some really good German music beginning with

"Fingal's Cave," and with a few, a very few, essential captions. Even so, I doubt very much whether *Igloo* would be as good as *Nanook*. One of the most difficult things in the cinema, as in the theatre, novel, or any other art, is to get away from the vice of comparison, and here again the film industry has only itself to blame. By its constant use of superlatives it has made its audience superlative-minded. The advertisements of this film prepared us for the most terrific blizzard that even the Arctic had ever seen, and naturally one expected to see something like the dreadful storms in certain films dealing with Polar expeditions. Yet, as it happened, it seemed to me that the weather was not much worse than I encountered last Easter on the golf links at Deal. There was a scene in which an Eskimo hunter went out to catch food for his starving family, but with little hope, since the commentator assured us that in such conditions neither animal nor bird could exist to be caught. I take my hat off to Mr. Ewart Hodgson for reminding us that a temperature in which neither animal nor bird could live does not appear to have inconvenienced the producer or his camera-men. We could not forget for a moment that the whole thing was being arranged and photographed. Moreover, were we not promised a holocaust of Polar animals to be slain in front of our eyes? As far as I could see, this boiled down to one walrus and one half-grown bear.



HELEN HAYES AND GARY COOPER IN
"A FAREWELL TO ARMS"

It doesn't say whose arms, and this picture seems a bit of a misnomer. It is a new Paramount production, and Adolphe Menjou and Mary Philips are also in it with the two celebrities in the above picture

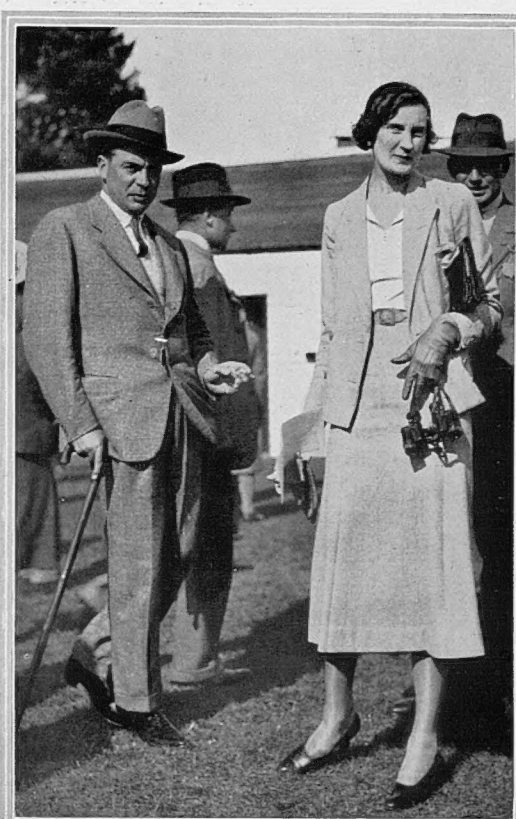
SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS—SPORTING AND MATRIMONIAL



MR. AND LADY SYBIL PHIPPS
AT TAUNTON STEEPLECHASES



ALSO AT TAUNTON · THE DOWAGER LADY PENRHYN,
LORD AND LADY PORTMAN AND THEIR DAUGHTER



MR. JACK ANTHONY AND MRS. SUTTON
WERE TO BE SEEN IN THE PADDOCK



Truman Howell
MISS ROSALIE CORY AND HER FIANCE,
MR. W. H. FERGUSON, R.H.A.



Bale
AT A FERNIE GYMKHANA: MRS. JACK
MURRAY-SMITH AND HER SON



Howard Barrett
SIR GEOFFREY CONGREVE CHATS TO
MRS. W. P. DUTTON AT COLWALL PARK

In chronicling various recent fixtures the camera leads off here with three pictures from Taunton Steeplechases. Mr. and Lady Sybil Phipps, who live at Chalcot, near Westbury, are ardent supporters of West Country racing, and Lord and Lady Portman are also among the "regulars." The Dowager Lady Penrhyn, Lady Portman's mother, takes the keenest interest in anything connected with horses and is a noted breeder and exhibitor. Her most recent success in this direction was at the Brackley Hunter Show. That Jack Anthony has at long last made a good recovery from the results of his bad accident was pleasingly evident at Taunton. Miss Rosalie Cory, whose engagement to Mr. W. H. Ferguson, Royal Horse Artillery, was announced last week, is Sir Herbert and Lady Cory's decorative daughter, and very popular in South Wales. She goes hunting with enthusiasm and plays tennis and golf extra well. George Murray-Smith was a prize winner at the gymkhana organized by the Fernie Hunt branch of the Pony Club. Mrs. W. P. Dutton takes racing in her stride, so to speak! It will be remembered that her husband won the Grand National of 1928 on Tipperary Tim, and in 1872 her grandfather, Mr. Brockton, rode his own mare, Primrose, in this classic contest

RACING RAGOUT : "GUARDRAIL" By

AFTER Doncaster, racing has its final let up, anyway in the South, before the serious business of the last three Newmarket meetings starts. The North during this slack season have their busiest time. The Ayr September meeting is the Ascot of the North, and one of the pleasantest places in the country to go racing. Poor Jack Coats, who died so suddenly this year, always had the most wonderful of parties for it, and it is one of the three meetings where the Caledonian Hunt Club costume is worn, as odd a medley of garments decreed by custom as the Tarporley Hunt day uniform.

Windsor didn't add much to turf history, though at Warwick a charming horse ran that will probably make a name for himself. This is Tais Toi, belonging to the Baron de Tuyll, an Achtoi gelding who I hope is as good as he looks.

One realized afresh at Leicester how the season is advancing, not only by the nip in the air but by the hunting people who have started to assemble in the Midlands, some of whom came on in breeches and boots after cub-hunting. Here and through the week the feature has been the success of the late Mr. de Mestre's horses. Mr. de Mestre, who died suddenly, left Mrs. de Mestre with a large number of horses on her hands, all of which eat; the black ones just as much as the white. I understand that Mr. Stanley Wootton stepped into the breach, and in addition to the management of his own large stable undertook to manage Mrs. de Mestre's horses till they came up for sale at one of the October meetings. He has already won several races for her, and with people refraining from bidding for her selling plate winners he has put matters on a good footing for her. A good friend.

The last race at Leicester was supposed to produce yet another world-beater for Sir Harold Wernher to take the place of old Brown Jack. Trillion, however, seems to be desperately afflicted with the slows, though if he never wins a race it will be almost the first failure that this lucky owner has ever had. Anyway, perhaps he will do to take the place of poor Mail Fist as pace-maker to Brown Jack. I always think this is the most unfortunate horse on a race-course. No one pays the slightest attention to him, in a slow run race he has to go twice as far as he is capable of, and except on a course with a very long run-in he can't even see the finish. Rolling Rock, who is now trained by Frank Hartigan, seems to have gone right off since his one brilliant effort in the Free Handicap. It hardly seems possible that a horse that gave Dastur 4 lb. and a beating this year, and as a two-year-old beat the Leger winner, Firdaussi, should now only just be able to beat Patmos, getting weight from him. His limit would seem to be seven furlongs or an easy mile, say Lincoln.

The hare has been started once again, but immediately contradicted, that next season the book-makers at Newmarket will be placed at the back of the stands, in order that to get to them, the public will have to pass by the Tote. I don't think there need be any fear of this. Putting aside all questions of fairness, the wishes and convenience of racegoers, or the fact

that bookmakers have as much right as the next man to see the racing, racecourse executives know that the basis of their attendance is the bookmaker, his clerk, runner, etc., while on many courses the bookmaker pays a lot extra to go in.

By killing their trade altogether the loss from their admission fees, and those of a great many race-goers, would probably not be much more than balanced by the extra tote rake-off. The private stands at Newmarket have also only one door at the back with a steep flight of stairs below, and the fatalities among the more veteran and slower moving members during a last minute rush would force the Ministry of Health to take action.

The autumn meeting at York is not so well patronised as it deserves, but the third time back to Yorkshire in a month is too much for the majority and Gatwick is so handy.

I have never liked Scarlet Tiger and was not surprised to see him beaten, but though Bow and Arrow won in great style at Doncaster no vestige of form could put him to beat Flying Spear, who seemed to be improving rapidly. It is gratifying to see a sportsman like M. St. Alary owning a nice filly like Devineress, bred by his own game little horse, Finglas, out of Devachon, who was such a flying two-year-old. If she inherits the speed of the one and the stamina of the other she should do well before going to the stud.

Pahokee, who was systematically backed from fives down to "can't offer fours," and was incidentally well backed for the Cesarewitch before his race was a very false favourite and shed no light on the big race. The long distance race at Gatwick on the other hand was a triumph of handicapping on the part of Mr. Wigney as about five horses finished with only a length between them. Codicil might just have won with a bit farther to go, but he is such a plodder, and Blandearna, who pulled out just that turn of speed at the end looks the best proposition of the lot. The running of Sandy Ashes however doesn't make the chance of Son o' Mint look any the worse, more especially as the Newmarket race is so different from these all on the bend park courses. Brown Jack always failed at Newmarket

to give the weight he would have given anywhere else, but Son o' Mint acts on the course, and was third last year.

Falls over steeplechase fences are part of the game, but what a horrible thing is a fall on the flat. Possibly it is that the pace is so much greater, the fall is so unexpected, there is less time to be thrown clear, and the ground is certainly harder, but generally a fall on the flat means damage. J. Sirett had a real bender on Wirework at Gatwick, but luckily escaped with concussion though the horse had to be destroyed. It is extraordinary how little sensation a sensitive animal like a horse seems to possess in the excitement of the moment, for this horse with a broken shoulder cantered home with his ears cocked. Probably a large amount of human pain is due to nerves, imagination, and fear of permanent damage and consequences. For the horse, ignorance is bliss, as in the case of the girl who, told by the doctor that she had acute angina, left the consulting room with a flattered smile on her face.



OUT FOR BLOOD AT DONCASTER

LIEUT.-COLONEL J. CARRUTHERS AND PAT BEASLEY

A little reminder of the larruping Cat-o'-Nine Tails gave the opposition in the Great Yorkshire Handicap, which is run over the same distance as the Leger (1 mile 6 furs. 132 yards). Pat Beasley had to work his passage to win by half-a-length

GOING RACING AT MUSSELBURGH



Ian Smith
LORD AND LADY CHURCHILL ARRIVING
IN THE ENCLOSURE



LADY ANNE HOPE AND MISS KITTY FULLERTON



LADY MAR AND KELLIE AND ADMIRAL
FULLERTON



THE HON. JEAN, THE HON. ELIZABETH
ELPHINSTONE, AND MISS DIANA LEGH



LADY SUSAN EGERTON AND
MISS LAMBTON



MAJOR AND MRS. SANDYS IN THE MEMBERS'
ENCLOSURE

Edinburgh's Autumn Meeting is almost always certain of a full house because it happens long before the Southrons go back across the Tweed to hunt the fox, shoot the pheasant, or do any of the other things they do to get through the winter. The autumn nip was in the air without any mistake but it was rather nice than otherwise, and the going on the course was very good and not heavy as any B.B.C. weather report might have led us to think it might be, because the first target of any depression from Iceland or the North Pole appears to be Scotland. Of the notable people in the pictures the Soul of Ascot (Royal Enclosure) and his charming wife were not the least welcome of the visitors. Lady Anne Hope, one of Lord and Lady Linlithgow's daughters, is with Admiral Fullerton's little girl, and he himself is seen with Lady Mar and Kellie. Admiral Fullerton married a daughter of Lord Jackie Fisher, and he commanded a monitor squadron off the Belgian coast in the War. Miss Diana Legh, who is with two of Lord and Lady Elphinstone's daughters, is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Piers and Mrs. Legh. Mrs. Sandys, who is in the snapshot with her husband, was formerly Miss Dulcie Retford. Lady Susan Egerton, who is with Miss Lambton, is one of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere's five charming daughters



THE COUNTESS DE PRET-ROOSE AND MR. GODFREY WINN

At Port Meinin, the new seaside place which has been built in the style of an Italian village. Count Jacques de Pret-Roose is very well known in the Leicestershire and Warwickshire hunting worlds. Mr. Godfrey Winn's new book, "I May Be Wrong," a collection of essays, has just been published

The Restfulness of Reality.

HOW tired one becomes of the egotistical pretentiousness of so many people! A pretentiousness so all-enveloping that they seem to have lost touch with reality about themselves altogether; this reality being that they are human beings, neither anything more nor anything less. So why all this terror of being simple, this flight from being natural? It is so tiring, as well as absurd! How many women, for example, have we to talk to, but only succeed in finding politeness in return, if we tacitly acknowledge that (a) they are pretty, (b) that they think themselves pretty, (c) that they move in some higher social circle as by divine right, (d) that it is an honour to know them, that it is a pleasure to talk to them, that one must play some silly game of deferential admiration or be for ever a rank outsider? With how many men too must one pretend (a) an interest in sport, the money market, women, games, and one's Public School, else, peradventure, one be reckoned "unmanly" and several notches below "British"; (b) one must talk "cleverly"; (c) one must be able to point to evidence of worldly success or be forever slightly patronized, if not ignored? The older we grow the less can most of us be bothered by artificial demands and pretensions. We ask for facts and reality, and cannot any longer play up to the sillier shams gracefully. Character is the only thing which counts from the point of view of citizenship or the point of view of sociability; the rest can easily be so little more than dressed-up bunkum. So that it matters less and less what a man or woman does, or has done, or is about to do; what they possess or lack, what they know or know not, what they once were or have been, but simply *what they are* as human beings; the mixture being nearly always tragically and comically as it was before. And so it is in other spheres of life. Those miles of film-drivel, for instance, those absurdly unreal novels, those namby-pamby plays; even the futility of most peace-time occupations; how bored one becomes by them, how suffocated by their be-limelit trashiness! A touch of truth, a gust of cold reality, and they look as hideously foolish as a fat woman in beach pyjamas, or as that type of pompous millionaire who, wherever he goes, assumes the air of being the most important object in the place. It is really restful when something happens which suddenly makes those people come simply, naturally alive; which jerks them out of their pretentious self-satisfaction into breathing, palpitating men and women; just that and simply nothing more. For this is exactly as we all are. Only some deck themselves out in actual or symbolic uniforms and imagine it makes all the difference between themselves and others. All wars are loathsome, tragically idiotic, but the reality which they are certainly makes human beings more vital, more interesting; ever so much nicer, or ever so much nastier, whichever really they happen intrinsically to be beneath the veneer. Worth alone counts in war-time; while it would seem that Waste belongs solely to peace. At any rate, until a woman's or a man's life has led them through at least one veritable hell, they are, as a rule, not worth knowing and less worth talking to. To have known, to have suffered, and to have survived gives us understanding, sympathy, and that natural simplicity which revitalizes the whole outlook of life.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

A Book of Reality.

Often when I am wading through novels I am haunted by the utter wastefulness of it all. I don't care if this sawdust woman sticks to her sawdust husband, or punctures him in his vitals, whether she marries the artist lover or is murdered by him. Make-believe stories are really only for make-believe minds, and I suppose I have lived long enough to find the real ever so much more interesting and amusing and worth while than fiction. If a book has not been written around something real, or out of the heart's blood of dire experience, it always leaves me with a sense of having twittered away the afternoon; like listening to a luncheon-party conversation prolonged for hours, when everybody is showing off; some successfully, and some only because they would sooner die than be thought dull—the difference between trippers being noisy and natural and happy on the beach, and the dead fish who sit dressed up and above such human frolics on the verandas of the smarter hotels. And thus I welcomed Mr. Cecil Chapman's new book, "From the Bench" (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.), because I knew that here at last was a book which, although it might not have the least pretension to being literature, had the greater virtue of being life. As one of the more famous, and certainly more popular London magistrates, he has met people shorn of their assumptions and make-believes, people face to face with the real tragedy or the real comedy of existence. The book, however, is more than a volume of his experiences; it is essentially a book which tells us of the wider, deeper human knowledge which these experiences have taught him. Some of the reforms which he urges deserve everyone's consideration. The problem of the discharged prisoner, for instance? It positively prickles with difficulty. I shall never forget the disgust on the policeman's face one day when I asked him where I could find the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society's offices in Leicester Square. "I suppose you are one of those blokes," he said, "who are anxious to help the wrongdoer, but the decent working chap must fend for himself if he can." And, indeed, I had nothing to answer. For, indeed, there seems no really fair solution to the problem until imprisonment carries no slur once the sentence has been served. But I'm afraid it will always be asking too much of human nature to expect that. So we come to Mr. Chapman's suggestion: "All prisons ought to be regarded as reformatories, or places in which prisoners of the average type who have broken the law should be trained by work to respect work and seek to become as expert as possible in some particular vocation or trade before they are released from prison." (The italics are (Cont. on p. 528))



COUNT ALBRECHT BERNSTORFF

Since Baron Neurath left the German Embassy in London on his appointment as German Foreign Minister, Count Bernstorff has been in charge. He is Counsellor of the Embassy, and will continue in that office presumably after the arrival of the new German Ambassador, Herr von Hoesch. Count Bernstorff has been attached to the German Embassy in London for 9 years—his grandfather was Ambassador to the Court of St. James's from 1854 to 1873 and was very popular

A JUMPY MARKET

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



He : Wot about a couple of nice kippers—two for three 'apence ?

She : Lor', 'ow prices is goin' up ! They was four for threepence last week

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

mine.) Which would certainly be a good thing in my opinion, for most crimes are committed through economic stress, and such stress presses hardest on those who have had no proper training in anything except blind-alley occupations or loafing around. And yet, again, perhaps then the quickest way to become an apprentice would be to hit somebody on the head and steal their purse. In the chapter dealing with the reform of the public-house I am with Mr. Chapman every time. There should, indeed, be no such thing as a public-house used solely and entirely for drink. It should at the same time be a public club, a centre of recreation; a kind of communal play-ground where fathers and mothers and children could spend a pleasant evening, and food would be as important as drink, and a decent, bright, and happy atmosphere most important of all. The brewers are willing, the more experienced members of the public view such reform with enthusiasm. It is the wisest, cleanest, and most decent way out of the drink difficulty. Alas! then, that always the worst enemies of true morality are those who insist upon the world being moral at all costs, preferably by prohibition. They are invariably the cogs in every wheel rolling towards true progress. "Thou shalt not" never cured any evil.

An Interesting Life.

That the life of a London magistrate is an interesting life is again proved by this most interesting book. Mr. Chapman meets men and women in the raw, so to speak. And some of this "rawness" says little or nothing to the advantage of modern education. For example, last year 42,601 cases of cruelty to children were reported in England, Wales, and Ireland, and all of them were found to be true except 746! As a magistrate, however, he would abolish the "cat," and in this, at any rate, I disagree with him. There are certain crimes

against weak and defenceless persons by cowardly bullies which demand not so much reformation—nothing will ever reform the cowardly bully except pain, and then such reformation will only be the outcome of fear—as to be brought back with a jerk to the attitude of decent people towards such meanness and cruelty. Physical pain will accomplish this more effectively than anything else in that type of coward-mind. It is the only argument such human beasts can understand. The marvel is, however, that a man whose whole life has been lived on, so to speak, the more sordid side of the street, should still be so optimistic regarding human nature, so kindly, so tolerant, and so desirous of seeking justice for all, rather than punishment. Yet, strangely enough, this is invariably only one of the miracles which truth performs. Men and women stripped of their pretensions and their world veneer are inevitably real, and in reality there is greater dignity, more beauty than ever the false conceived. It is, I suppose, only another way of proving that to understand all is to forgive all. A London magistrate's life certainly leads to understanding. And it is because Mr. Chapman understands that he can so readily forgive, and, in forgiving, point better than most men, certainly better than the fanatic and the crank, the more satisfactory solution of those social ills which make life in the aggregate so much less happy than it need ever be.

Thoughts from "From the Bench."

"It does nothing but harm to dwell upon the ignorance and wickedness of our fathers, unless it spurs us on to seek something better and to rejoice in having something worthy of our efforts to work for in every sphere."

"It is quite a common experience to find that when all the facts are known there is no psychological mystery left."

"Incurable self-complacency and disinclination to take trouble in searching for truth in anything which does not personally concern ourselves are at the root of nearly all social evils."

"Justice is very slow-footed and cares little for sorrows which are not vociferous."

"Poverty is not a crime, it is twice as bad."

"What everybody needs is to feel that there is somebody other than themselves to appreciate what they are able to do, and share in the joy of it."

* * *

Exciting in Two Ways.

Some men are so much more exciting in themselves than anything which may happen or has happened to them.

For a man still on the optimistic side of forty Francis Yeats-Brown has led a most adventurous life. His books are as full of sheer excitement as ever a schoolboy might wish to read. And yet, for most people, the best excitement of them all is not what he has done, but the glimpses in them he gives us of his own psychological development and mental reactions. What, for instance, could be more thrilling than the experiences he relates in his new book, "Golden Horn" (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.)? He was a prisoner of war of the Turks in Mesopotamia, Anatolia, and Constantinople. He was captured while



Mistress: How beautifully these things are ironed, Jane!

Jane: Yes, mum, them's mine—and I'll do yours the same if I have time

acting as observer in an aeroplane, near Bagdad, in 1915. After captivity in that city he was moved to Mosul. Thence to Aleppo, where he had a very severe illness, an illness which gave rise to one of the queerest episodes in the book; the vision he had when, exhausted unto death, he saw the happening of an event which did not really occur until months later, and concerned an Indian soldier whom he had never seen except in that extraordinary delirium. In Constantinople he tried twice to escape; the first time disguised as a German governess. But these are only a few experiences culled at random from a book of exciting personal adventures. The fact remains, however, that interesting and exciting as they are, they are not, somehow or other, so exciting or so interesting as the author's revelations of his own mental and spiritual adventures. These remain in the mind to absorb your thoughts for a long time afterwards. All, however, are related in a style which is not only very charming, but extremely picturesque. This writer can reveal the essential aspects in both physical and mental states marvellously well. Also he can describe places in a way which makes them seem actual scenes at which you are gazing as you read. There is rather a long, and apparently not very necessary portion of the book devoted to the overthrow of the Hamidian regime in Turkey by the Young Turks in 1908-1909, but apart from this "Golden Horn" is an absorbing book.



SHOOTING WITH LORD DEVONPORT:
SIR HERBERT AND LADY CAYZER

This picture and the two below were taken last week at Kinloch, where Lord Devonport owns some first-rate moors. Sir Herbert Cayzer has himself been entertaining a series of shooting guests at Lanfine, his place in Ayrshire. Major Sir George Hennessy, who has held various Court and political appointments, lives in Hampshire and used to represent its county town, Winchester, in Parliament. Major N. McMicking commands the depot of the Black Watch at Perth

GUNMEN IN PERTHSHIRE

The Moor the Merrier



LADY WIMBORNE ON
THE DRUMOUR MOORS



LORD WIMBORNE



GUESTS AND HOST: LEFT—SIR GEORGE HENNESSY AND MAJOR McMICKING,
AND RIGHT, LORD DEVONPORT, ON THE LATTER'S KINLOCH MOORS



ALSO AT DRUMOUR: THE HON. CYNTHIA
GUEST AND THE HON. REGGIE FELLOWES

Lord Wimborne is very faithful to Perthshire grouse, and for some years now he has rented Drumour, a choice which friends and relations lucky enough to be invited there thoroughly approve of. Lady Wimborne and the Hon. Cynthia Guest are always willing to do audience to the guns, and take lots of exercise either riding or walking. The Hon. Reginald Fellowes married a daughter of the fourth Duc Decazes, and they have a flat in Paris. He is Lord de Ramsey's uncle

Photographs by Arthur Owen

A Rugby Epistle

LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1932.

DEAR TATLER,—You never know your luck. The Rugby community was expecting a quiet domestic season, with no touring sides to upset our equanimity, indeed with no disturbances of any kind. And yet here we are, almost before the kick off, with more than one "sensation," to quote the yellow press, and every prospect of others to come.

First the International Board, rather like a Jersey old hen, sent out a circular denouncing specialization among forwards, and pleading for a return to the old principle of "first up, first down." There is a good deal of truth in what they say, and it certainly does annoy old-timers to learn that even boys at school occupy fixed positions in the scrummage. Games masters who encourage this kind of thing ought to know better; everybody benefits by being made to go through the mill, and urchins of fourteen and fifteen should not be allowed to describe themselves as hookers or wingers.

Much the same thing applies to junior clubs, but when the first-class zone is approached the case is altered. Experience has shown that greater efficiency is attained by playing forwards in settled positions, and that being so, is it likely that clubs, counties, or countries will abandon the present practice? I cannot see the England selectors, at any rate, giving up a method which has paid them so well. The Board's circular has had a distinctly lukewarm reception, and so far no one in actual play has taken the slightest notice of it.

The vexed question of how to get the ball fairly into the scrummage seems as far off settlement as ever. There would be no difficulty, of course, if the players would obey the rules, or if referees were not so strangely reluctant to penalize those who break them. Only the other day two first-class London clubs entirely disregarded the rules throughout their match, and the official in charge made no attempt whatever to enforce them. If the Tritons of the game behave like that, what can you expect of the minnows?

The International Board's circular created quite a stir abroad, notably in South Africa, where some quaint people professed to believe that it was issued as the result of the success of their ponderous pack on tour here last season. Even Mr. Ben Osler, the captain of the touring side, seems to have adopted this view. But their belief is entirely groundless; no one was unduly impressed by the South Africans, who were written up far more than they deserved. People never seem to grasp that when the full strength of a Dominion tours in this country there are only about eight or ten games in which the result is not a foregone conclusion. The South Africans were a powerful side, but they played depressing football and were lucky to have a clean

sheet in International matches, for Wales simply gave their game away. The tour taught English players no new lesson and was in no sense responsible for the Board's much criticized effusion.

But apart from the Board there have been other disturbances. Somebody dragged the Old Boy question into the limelight once more and saw that certain London clubs were refusing to renew fixtures with Old Boy organizations. One of the clubs said to be adopting this course had but one such fixture on its card, and that one it had no intention of abandoning! Then there was a little fire behind all the smoke, and there is no doubt that the rise of some of the Old Boy clubs has rather altered the situation in London. No longer can three or four of the senior organizations rule the roost, though they certainly try to.

The development of Old Boy football is a splendid thing for the game and for the hundreds of players who would otherwise drift away from it through lack of sufficient interest. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, being players of no great distinction and unlikely to attain even the minor honours of the game, would easily be persuaded to follow other gods if it were not for old school associations. And it should never be forgotten that the Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons form the backbone of Rugby and that but for them there would be no heroes of Twickenham or Murrayfield.

"Yes," say the opponents of the Old Boy system, "but what about the potential Internationals who will remain unknown in the obscurity of minor matches? And how are the senior clubs to maintain their strength unless they are properly fed?" There's something in both those contentions, but the first would not be nearly so important as it is if county matches in the London district were treated with more respect and if it were illegal, as it once was, for counties to play men not qualified for England. As for the second objection, the clubs must look after themselves. Energy and commonsense would do a lot for them. Some of the most forceful personalities in Rugby to-day do little work for their clubs.

The senior organizations which, so it is alleged, have declined to make any further fixtures with the Army are not going to improve matters by their action. If they had said that they did not want members who were liable to be called upon for the Army one could have understood them, for they have often ruined their teams in the past by playing men not regularly available. But to abolish these matches with the Army seems a short-sighted policy; it cannot help them, and certainly won't hurt the Army. At any rate, I am given to understand that Major Jock Hartley is still sitting up and taking nourishment, and that Colonel Basil Hill pursues the even tenor of his way. It's a funny world, says HARLEQUIN.



BLACKHEATH v. ROSSLYN PARK AT THE RECTORY FIELD

Two excellent action pictures of the bright and lively scrap at the Rectory Field, which "The Club" won by 26 points to Rosslyn's 10

The two teams were: Blackheath—S. T. A. Radcliffe; W. E. Farndon, E. L. Philipps, A. L. Novis, A. R. Chorlton; F. W. Simpson, J. T. Kemp; H. H. C. Withers, G. E. Valentine, T. W. Gubb, D. E. Pratten, C. D. F. Pope, L. S. Bailey, D. T. Hudson, C. B. Bailey. Rosslyn Park—The Rev. G. Blackton, N. B. Hunter, H. H. Cave, J. D. Bradford, G. M. Cavendish; A. K. Woodhouse, R. H. E. Gladstone, P. T. Cooper, E. S. Nicholson, R. B. Skinner, H. F. W. Wickert, A. C. Lusty, E. B. Eason, J. S. Lewis, R. Forbes-Bassett

THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY

New portraits of our youngest Peeress



LADY JERSEY

When Miss Patricia Richards was launched on a delighted London last year she had an immediate and immense success, her lovely eyes being responsible for a perfect epidemic of lost hearts. At the end of the summer she became engaged to Lord Jersey, and they were married on January 12, at St. Margaret's. Mr. Ken Richards could not get over from Australia for his daughter's wedding, but Lord and Lady Jersey made up for this by including a long visit to him in their world honeymoon tour. Since their return to England in July they have been mainly in residence at Osterley Park, extending hospitality to their friends



Photographs by Dorothy Wilding



MISS BETTY MILLER AND MR. "SANDY"
MONTGOMERIE-CUNINGHAME



CAPTAIN ARCHIE GRANT (A HOST IN
HIMSELF), WITH MRS. KENNETH HUNTER



MISS "PUSSIE" DUNCAN AND MR.
ARCHIE WILLIAMSON SIT IT OUT



MR. AND MRS. PETER DUDGEON



LADY AIRLIE



MISS MOYRA AND MISS PEGGY HUNTER



SIR PHILIP DUNDAS AND MISS CLAUDIA
CRICHTON-STUART, LORD BUTE'S NIECE

SCOTCH CORNER

Captain Archie Grant's Tackety Boot Hop at Cortachy, Angus

At the entertaining country dance and reels party lately organised by Captain Archie Grant at the Drill Hall, Cortachy, evening frocks were out of order and kilts took their place. Here are a few details about some of the participants. Mr. "Sandy" Cuninghame is just about the tallest officer in the Royal Scots Fusiliers. Mrs. Kenneth Hunter, a popular Angus "licht," is Major Hunter's wife. Their two daughters, Moyra and Peggy, are great social successes. Mr. Archie Williamson is a cousin of Lord Forbes. Mrs. Peter Dudgeon was formerly Miss Gray-Cheape; her husband has just been appointed Flying Instructor at Leuchars. Lady Airlie wore green, and provided floral decorations from Cortachy Castle. Miss Claudia Crichton-Stuart is considered by many people to be Scotland's best-looker



SIR TORQUIL MUNRO OF LINDERTIS
AND MISS BARBARA GRAY-CHEAPE

FOX - HUNTING CURTAIN - RAISERS



AT THE WARWICKSHIRE HUNT SHOW: SIR CHARLES WIGGIN AND MRS. HILTON GREEN



MR. WILFRED FLETCHER, THE HON. MRS. GAR EMMET AND MRS. SMITH-RYLAND



AND LADY MANTON, BLAZING INTO THE BROWN OF 'EM



AT THE SOUTH HEREFORD HUNT GYMKHANA

Truman Howell

(In front) Mrs. Evan-Thomas, Mr. R. V. Madson, Miss A. Lucas-Scudamore, Mrs. Lucas-Scudamore and Miss G. Barker. (In rear) Captain Clive, Miss Jill Lucas-Scudamore and Mr. William Poulett



Truman Howell

And also: LIEUT.-COLONEL F. A. MACARTNEY AND MISS DAPHNE EVANS

Almost the whole of hunting Warwickshire forgathered at Moreton Paddox, Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Gar Emmet's house, Moreton Morrell, where the Warwickshire Hunt Horse Show was held. The hostess is a sister of Lord Portman, and she and her husband are two of the best-liked people in all Warwickshire, and he, in particular, goes very well indeed to hounds and is pretty useful between the flags. He was also in the 1st Tins polo team. Sir Charles Wigg, ex-Joint Master of the Brocklesby, is with the wife of the world's champion fox-slayer, Mrs. Hilton Green, "Chatty" being Master of the Cottesmore and ex-Joint of the Meynell. He held the record for hares killed when he was Master of the Eton Beagles. Lady Manton and Lord Manton have one foot each in Leicestershire and the other in Warwickshire, and everybody in Warwickshire wishes they were back at Compton Verney for keeps. The South Hereford held their gymkhana at Dason, in aid of the hunt funds, a most worthy cause. Lieut.-Colonel Macartney commands a Piffer regiment and is returning to India this month. Miss Daphne Evans's mother recently married Lieut.-Colonel Macartney. Miss Evans is a niece of Lieut.-Colonel Fulke Walwyn, the late Master of the Monmouthshire Hounds. Miss Jill Lucas-Scudamore ran this gymkhana and ran it jolly well

PRISCILLA IN PARIS



ROSINE DÉREAN

A fair new-comer who plays a leading rôle in "Maquillage," a film-play taken from a novel by Mildred Cram. Rosine is a beautiful blonde, and great things are predicted for her

... and yet, already, I am putting my little island home tidy for its winter sleep, and to-morrow the sailor takes my wee boat back to the harbour. I could weep at the thought of departing, but my Paris engagements are piling up, my Lord and Master is urgent over the telephone, and the list of "First Nights" next week is a long one! Some of them, in fact, will be First Afternoons ... and the critics will be feeling sorry for themselves! As it is I have missed the new musical play, *Azor*, at the Bouffes-Parisiens, in which Mirielle Perrez—whom you have seen a good deal of in London these last seasons—was to have played the leading rôle! Unfortunately she fell sick during the last rehearsals, completely lost her voice, and, since the vets could not foretell the moment of her recovery, Jane Marnac (Mrs. Keith Trevor) has stepped into her shoes and learned the long principal rôle in three days—a real *tour de force*.

Friends write to me from the South that the coast is already almost deserted, though Josephine Baker, Van Dongen and Maurice Chevalier still attract a certain amount of attention from *les braves bourgeois*! Colette is closing her Beauty-shop at St. Tropez and returning to her winter quarters in Paris. ... Our ineffable Antoine also is coming north, after a particularly strenuous season at Cannes. Odette Pannetier—a young French journalist who uses vitriol in her fountain-pen—has also left the Côte d'Azur, but has taken a roundabout road, *via* Biarritz, to Paris. She admits having gone there with the hope of interviewing the Prince of Wales or ... Borotra, and complains that the former requested her to "go to hell," while the second was too busy "draping himself in a cream crêpe-de-Chine bath-wrap, in order to pose for impromptu snapshots," to spare time for her! Methinks the lady doth boast too much! Nevertheless, this reminds me of dear old Willie Clarkson's story, told with his inimitable lisp. He was, it seems, at Sandringham one evening

TOO, too sad — for me—Très Cher! Such glorious September weather! We are bathing three times a day! The light just right for tennis. Mild and moonlit evenings enchant us. The breeze is perfect for sailing

during Queen Victoria's reign; amateur theatricals were taking place, and Clarkson was, of course, supplying the wigs. Coming out of one of the dressing-rooms, he bumped into King Edward, then Prince of Wales. "My dear," said Willie, "he just shoved me aside and said, 'Damn you, get out of the way!' ... so *nilhe (nice) of him ... wasn't it?*"

Mistinguett is working hard at rehearsing the revue she is taking out on a European tour this winter. "Mis"—ever economical—is pressing all her household staff into service. Her chauffeur and personal maid, her pretty golden-haired secretary, her manicurist and her masseur are all in the chorus or playing small parts. These pore, 'ard-working stars do know the value of money, don't they? Her reconciliation with Maurice Chevalier, which took place at Juan-les-Pins this August, has almost made as much stir as the Guitry-Printemps divorce ... but, nevertheless, I do not think we

shall ever see them on the stage together again. Argentina, the great Spanish dancer, writes me that she has been having a wonderful holiday at Mallorca, that the island is a Paradise upon earth, and that she wishes she could live there. Mme. Paul Brandt, the wife of the well-known designer and jeweller, whose exhibits are such a feature of the Arts Décoratifs every year, writes from the same part of the world and tells me how disappointed she is with it ... and that the "only time to be there" is when the almond-trees are in flower! As I have every confidence in the statements of these two greatly travelled ladies, I am somewhat worried, for Mallorca is one of the places I have always longed to visit. From Paris I hear that Sacha Guitry is playing at the Madeleine Theatre in the same programme as Yvonne, but not in the same plays. He looks remarkably fit from his *séjour* at La Baule, and Yvonne is slimmer and



THE BEAUTIFUL "MOUSSIA"

In private life this charming lady is the Marquise de Breteuil. She is a Roumanian by birth, but has had a completely successful stage and film career in Paris

more charming than ever; Evian has agreed with her also. Their separation certainly has not affected their appearance or their talent; in fact, they both look younger and happier for their change. They both had a great welcome from the audience.—With love, Très Cher,

PRISCILLA.



THÉRÈSE DORNY

Who is to be one of the leading ladies in "Rip's" forthcoming revue at the Capucines. Thérèse Dorny is just fresh from a good success in the same author's Paramount produced film, "Cognasse"

A FEW WELL-FIXED STARS



COLLEEN
MOORE
COMES BACK



MARIE DRESSLER AND MAURICE CHEVALIER



SYLVIA SIDNEY FOR "MADAME BUTTERFLY"

Colleen Moore, who off the films is Mrs. John McCormick, has not been in any very prominent pictures of recent times, but makes a notable return in a new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film called "Flesh." She was one of D. W. Griffith's many discoveries. Marie Dressler, who is with the great French comedian, is one of the best humourists on the screen stage, and also one of its best character actresses. One of Maurice Chevalier's best and latest is "One Hour With You," which probably most film fans saw at the Carlton. "Madame Butterfly," in which Sylvia Sydney plays the title-rôle, ought to make a magnificent film. Anita Page was snapped on Lake Arrowhead, Hollywood

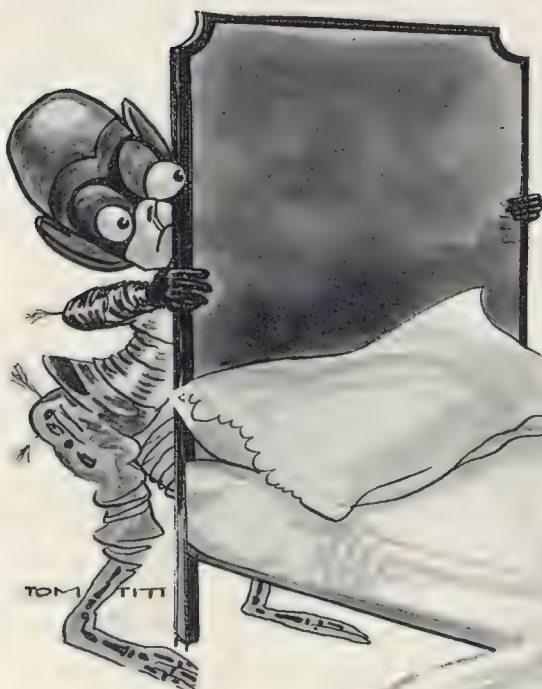


ANITA PAGE OUT CRUISING

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By

ALAN BOTT

*A Few More Words
from Mr. Shaw*

BACILLUS AND BURGLAR-AIRMAN-PARSON, ALIAS POPSY: ERNEST THESIGER, CEDRIC HARDWICKE

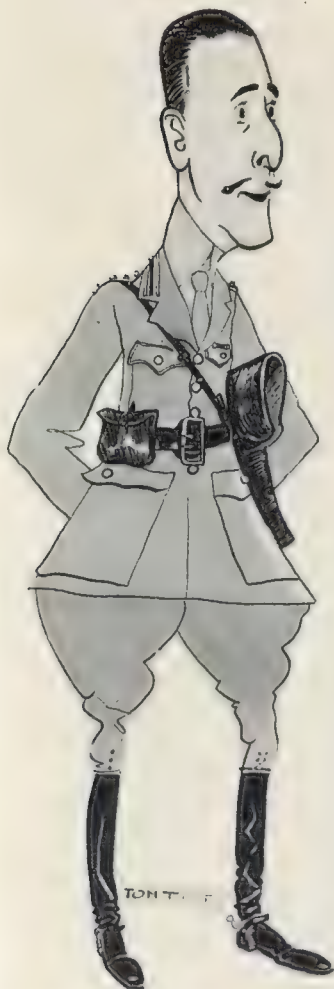
MOPSY: LEONORA
CORBETT

THE grand old fulminator has always made his own rules. Plays are such when they provide drama, whether of the emotions or the mind; and schools of playwriting can boil their heads for all that the public cares about form. It can be said that Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Too True to be Good* is but eloquent talk salted with vaudeville jokes. The mixture, nevertheless, makes a dramatic tonic.

The first act is mostly slapstick and knockabout. A bacillus, perched above a sick girl's bed and looking like a racing motorist after the accident, opens with a soliloquy to which the inevitable Shaw brings his usual tilting against doctors and possessive parents. It is the girl who has infected the bug, not the bug who has infected the girl. A burglar and a faked nurse restore the vitality which medical coddling and a broody mother have overlaid. They provoke the girl into rising up to smite them; and, exchanging German measles for infatuation for the burglar (an ex-airman who is also a clergy man with an atheist father), she steals her own jewels and escapes to share the criminals' freedom. Henceforth she is Mopsy to the burglar's Popsy and the nurse-confederate's Sweetie. And the cured microbe announces that the play is virtually over, but that the characters will talk about it at great length for two more acts, the exit doors being in good order.

The Great Antique can well afford this warning. He knows well that he can hypnotise his public into wanting to see all his fireworks, even though some of them be penny squibs. There is a pun on the words Medea and my-idea; there is a strained joke about the human body as fertiliser; and after the doctors and parents, the English and the Military Mind come in for worn Shaw gibes. The well-trained intelligentsia, instead of growing restive, sit up and beg for more, realising that the badness of his badness when he's bad is as nothing to the goodness of his goodness when he's good.

DOCTOR AND SWEETY: DONALD
WOLFIT, ELLEN POLLOCK



MILITARY MIND:
SCOTT SUNDERLAND

Extravaganza succeeds knock-about. Popsy and Mopsy and Sweety are in an outlandish country, hoping to snaffle the ransom offered for Popsy, reported kidnapped. A British Colonel with a passion for water-colours stands for the Military Mind, but his expedition is run by Private Meek, an obvious ex-Colonel Lawrence, who stops a tribal raid by firing off maroons that sound like artillery. Conversation between himself and the Colonel is in the most sparkling tradition of back-chat comedians.

And Popsy and Mopsy and Sweety talk and talk and talk. They discuss happiness and personal relationships, with a particular reference to the insatiable passion for commercial travellers of Sweety, ex-chambermaid now masquerading as a Countess.

Popsy provides a long, long explanation about the lower centres and higher centres in human beings, and how that since the war the lower centres have become vocal. They discuss, above all, their own supreme boredom. As for Mopsy, her early training as a lady prevents her from listening to the lower centres; and, though freed from her mother, and healthy and happy, she is utterly miserable.

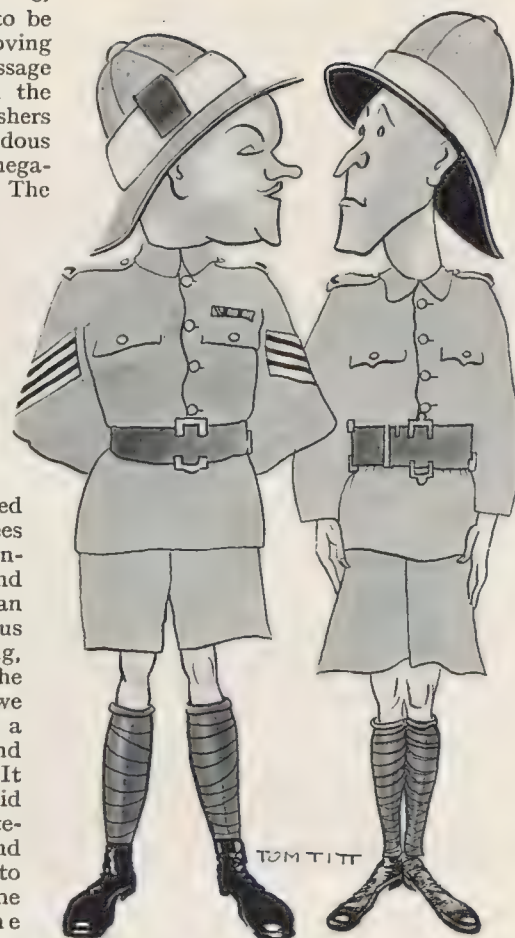
The talk in the last act grows vast, resonant, torrential. Sometimes it is like Bach.

on an organ; occasionally a tin whistle intrudes. Three long sermons are preached; three aspects of a sociological case are stated at much length and with fine eloquence.

Sweety's lower centres having been drawn to the local sergeant, those of the sergeant do not at once respond. "A man with my figure can have his pick." Besides, he likes to explore a woman's mind as well as her body, and at the moment his need is to ruminate over *Pilgrim's Progress*. Where shall we flee from the wrath to come? Even while kissing Sweety with a vigour that leaves her limp, he lifts his head to quote John Bunyan on the city destined for destruction. London, Paris, Berlin, Rome are marked in the next war for burning with fire from heaven. Nowhere is there now salvation, nowhere are security and the tranquil mind. None can flee from the wrath to come. The prose given him by Shaw equals that of the Bedford tinker himself. Anybody with an ear for words could wish for more from the sergeant on the city of Mansoul; but he is interrupted by a lamenting scarecrow on a Gauguin rock, ready with a different sermon on the same theme.

It is an Elder of atheism, harshly deploring the tragedy of the old-fashioned atheist who has lost his faith. Newton's well-ordered universe has collapsed! before the blast of Einstein's trumpet of relativity. The Elder's dirge continues through such simple things as atoms, cosmic algebra, rational determinism, and the passing of the dogma of infallibility. What is life without dogmas? As Gus Elen used to say: "Wot's the use of anyfink? Why, nuffink!"

The atheist, of course, happens to be Popsy's disapproving parent; so a passage at arms between the pair of them ushers in the stupendous final analysis of negation by Popsy. The other characters vanish into their wayfaring while he stays on and on, spouting his shining rhetoric about the futility of bright young attitudes, the riddle of the next era, the horror of the naked mind emptied of beliefs. He agrees with the Bunyanesque sergeant and the antediluvian Elder that all of us—"even the young, the rich and the beautiful"—feel we are falling into a bottomless pit, and are lost souls. It is, though, amid prophecy of a pentecostal flame, and an invocation to the coming of the Power and the



BUNYANESQUE SERGEANT,
LAWRENCELIKE PRIVATE:
RALPH RICHARDSON, WALTER HUDD

Glory that Popsy disappears into a dark abyss behind the Gauguin rock.

A surprising thing is that the insistence on bleakness does not leave one depressed. It may be that Mr. Shaw's fine gift of style lifts up the heart, which his many thousands of words intend to cast down. Or it may be that the audience, younger than the venerable genius who admonishes it, realises that his analysis was true only of a decade that has passed. Already self-pity and self-consciously naked minds are joining Victorian atheism in limbo. The new credo from Sir James Jeans and his fellows is not negative. Hollow crumbling has expended itself; and as for the successors to yesterday's bright young things, they are swarming in thousands to things like the Oxford Group Movement.

I can only say of *Too True to be Good*, as an entertainment, that its humours have a nightmare quality which will make them bearable when I gladly see it again as a play, for my own interest and not as a duty. It is odd, and a bit of a strain, but it is sharply penetrating; and most of its types (for they are that, rather than people) receive exceptional performance. Mr. Cedric Hardwicke gives rich diction to Popsy's prodigious explanations. Ralph Richardson grandly helps to make the sergeant inspiring. Walter Hudd is a quiet joy as Private Meek. Leonora Corbett's accent is out of tune with her difficult part as a type of girl who by now must be almost extinct. Ellen Pollock brings yeast to the intellectual loaf, through a delicious Cockney study of Sweety the slut.



DIRGE FROM AN OLDTIME ATHEIST:
H. K. AYLIFF

BOTH SIDES OF THE GRAMPIANS



"WHAT SHALL HE HAVE WHO KILLED THE DEER?"

Mitchell Laing

Talbot Mitford (leading the pony) and June and Juliette, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Mitford, at Cranlochan Deer Forest, Tulchan Lodge, Glen Isla. Three stags were grassed by Mr. Sharp, the shooting tenant



AT NEWMORE: ROSS-SHIRE,
SIR MICHAEL MALCOLM



Balmain

AT NORTH BERWICK: MISS JOAN GREN-
FELL AND MR. ALASTAIR RUMBOLD

The Highland pony in the top picture probably will interest everyone who has ever encountered him. He has got a lot of the "Eastern" in him, like the "Sheltie," who was first brought across the seas by the Phœnicians—and he is one of the best-shaped things to gaze upon the horse-lover could desire. Sir Michael Malcolm, who is the 10th Baronet and was in the Scots Guards, is seen with that extremely good bird, a capercaillie, shot at his Ross-shire shoot at Newmore Alness. Cook the "caper" right and he is very good to eat! The lunch party gives most of Sir Michael and Lady Malcolm's guests. Mr. Alastair Rumbold, who is in the North Berwick snapshot, is Sir Horace Rumbold's son. The animals Sir Jock Jardine is feeding are Shetland rams



ALSO AT THE NEWMORE SHOOT

Left to right are Mrs. Alex Finlayson, Sir Michael and Lady Malcolm, Commander and Mrs. Ayres, Captain Wells, R.N., Mrs. Douglas Hill and David Malcolm



AT CASTLEMILK: SIR JOHN BUCHANAN-JARDINE, M.F.H.
(DUMFRIES HOUNDS)



MADAME MARA PICCIO

The wife of the Chief of the Italian Air Force

By Jean Gabriel Domergue

A very typical example of the portrait work of the famous French artist, who has a style which is as distinctive as it is frequently attractive. Jean Gabriel Domergue's pictures are almost as well known in this country as they are in his own land



To the highest Standard



ANNY AHLERS—A GREAT DUBARRY

This amazing young actress leapt to fame in London with one prodigious bound when she made her appearance in the musical and more or less historical version of the adventures of one of the most bizarre personalities of the period of Louis Quinze. The Dubarry's career epitomized was: a hat shop, a garret, a house of ill-fame, a period with a rascally lover, and the mistress of a king with almost more power than anyone in France. The absolutely last episode was one rather fashionable at that period—the guillotine. The presentation of most of this at His Majesty's is magnificent, and has won the success it deserves.



MACDONALDS ON THE LEFT WING

At a memorable birthday dinner given to the Prime Minister by fellow Scotsmen in London reference was made by Colonel John Buchan to the traditional post of danger, and therefore of honour, on the right wing which in warfare was claimed and by custom assigned to the Clan MacDonald. There was a day, however, when the Macdonalds were placed not upon the right but upon the left wing. This was at the fateful battle of Culloden, made doubly historic because the Macdonalds then stood still, refusing either to advance or retire. It was rage at the insult which they considered to have been offered them, not cowardice, which dictated their inaction, for Highland pride is not less fierce than Highland courage. At all events they stood fast, and their gallant chieftain of Keppoch, crying out "My God, have the children of my tribe forsaken me?" advanced alone to his death. The landscape of Mr. Edward's picture was painted on the spot, and shows Inverness in the distance and the Moray hills and the trees which hide Culloden House in the middle distance. Kingston's Horse is seen advancing across the policies. In the foreground is Pulteney's Regiment firing at the Macdonalds. The English regiments



T WING!—CULLODEN, APRIL 16, 1746

By LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.

Buchan
to the
his was
re. It
pride
y God,
on the
gston's
iments

fought in lines, three deep, with the front rank kneeling. Officers and sergeants were behind and on the flanks, the Colonel, ensigns, and colours in the centre. The only officers remaining mounted in action were the Major and Adjutant. The former "exercised" the battalion, giving his instructions to the orderly drummer, who tapped out his orders, these being taken up by the drummers on either flank. A flam, or double stroke, was the order to commence fire. Although the range was short and the method of loading slow in those days, firing was practically continuous, as alternate platoons fired in turn. Great importance was attached in those days of black powder to the direction of the wind, and it is recorded by one Highlander that at Culloden all he could see in the dense smoke was the white gaiters of the English infantry. Although the day started fine, the sky became overcast with snow, and sleet showers at intervals blew in the face of the Highlanders, this being the first occasion in the '45 when the weather deserted their cause. The battle only lasted 40 minutes, most of which was occupied in manœuvring for position and in distant fire.

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GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS

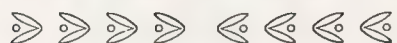


No. VIII—THE HINDHEAD GOLF CLUB

The Fifth Annual Open Meeting for the "Devil's Punch Bowl" was held on the course of the Hindhead Golf Club last Saturday, September 24. Handicap limit no greater than 6. The Bowl, which is valued at 100 guineas, takes its name from the beauty spot in the vicinity, and the legend of the sailor who was murdered there and whose three assailants subsequently hanged on a gibbet, is portrayed around the top half of this Bowl. This cartoon contains prominent members of the Hindhead Golf Club

In the Bowl, from left to right, are: H. Stubbs, the Rev. W. A. E. Austen, A. H. S. Vivian (top), C. T. Gooch (present captain), W. E. Muir (president, with beard), A. Ware (with racquet), C. B. Greenside, and H. A. Smyth (captain 1929-30); below—Captain G. A. White (sec.), Rear-Admiral G. Hopwood, G.B.E. (on ladder), F. H. Tate, F. W. Lovibond (spotting winners), and George Pownall (the professional)

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GREETING "WORDS AND MUSIC"



CONGRATULATIONS FOR MR. COCHRAN FROM MISS EVELYN LAYE, MR. FRANK LAWTON AND MR. FRANK COLLINS



MR. WALTER HACKETT, THE WELL-KNOWN PLAYWRIGHT, AND HIS CLEVER ACTRESS WIFE, MISS MARION LORNE



LORD AND LADY BRECKNOCK HAVE A WORD WITH MR. C. B. COCHRAN

A Cochran first night with "Words and Music" by Noel Coward—that was the outstandingly important event which recently drew the personalities on this page to the Adelphi Theatre. It was a grand evening, and undoubtedly Mr. Coward has once again proved his genius for one-man showmanship. Lord and Lady Brecknock enjoyed it all thoroughly, and so did Sir John Dashwood's wife and Kathleen, Lady Drogheda. Miss Marion Lorne, Miss Evelyn Laye and Miss Heather Thatcher were a few of the leading ladies present, and Mr. Frank Lawton, (just off to Hollywood) was also in evidence



A CLOSE UP OF LADY DASHWOOD

Photographs by Sasha



MISS HEATHER THATCHER WITH MRS. FLEIGHTMAN



FAMOUS FIRST-NIGHTERS: MR. GORDON SELFRIDGE AND PRINCESS WIASEMSKY



KATHLEEN, LADY DROGHEDA

ON THE CONTINENT



STAYING AT SCHLOSS WASSERLEONBURG

A group taken in the grounds of Count and Countess Paul Münster's castle in Carinthia. The host and hostess are second and third from the left, and their guests are: Mr. Davidson, Lord Dudley, Sir Richard Sykes and Donna Cora Caetani and her little daughter, Count Paul Münster, who is a son of the late Prince Alexander Münster of Derneburg, married Miss Margaret ("Peggy") Ward in 1929. He and his wife spend part of the year in England, and the rest of the time at their Austrian home, Schloss Wasserleonburg, which is famed for its 3,000 acres of wonderful chamois shooting. Invitations to stay there are eagerly accepted



COUNT PAUL MÜNSTER'S CASTLE

A view of Schloss Wasserleonburg from the terrace. Countess Paul Münster is largely responsible for the design of its most attractive garden, which has English characteristics. An open-air swimming-pool and rose-hedged tennis courts have also been laid down, and there are lovely views in every direction. In the background can be seen a peak of the massive Dobratsch mountain, where the chamois are pursued. It is said that they provide even better sport than those on the royal chamois hunting-grounds round about Ischl. Both Baron Paul Münster and his wife are keen shots



WITH HER SON, COUNT PETER: COUNTESS PAUL MÜNSTER AT HOME IN AUSTRIA



H.H. THE GRAND DUKE DMITRI AND HIS SON AT MONTE CARLO'S FAMOUS BATHING BEACH

Though the end of the sun-browning season has now been signalled, a few people still linger on southern shores. The Grand Duke Dmitri, with his wife, Princess Illyinski, and their son, Prince Paul, has paid the Principality of Monaco a long visit, the Monte Carlo bathing beach being a daily port of call. Pretty Miss Rosemary Barnett, who has been enjoying Biarritz, is a niece of Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, Comptroller and Treasurer to the Prince of Wales's Household since 1920



MISS ROSEMARY BARNETT AT BIARRITZ

STAGED IN SUSSEX

Miss Evelyn Laye
and her Cottage

Many people set their hearts on finding the perfect country cottage, but how few manage to achieve this ambition! That Miss Evelyn Laye has been one of the lucky ones is obvious. Thatch, lavender, roses, flagged path—could anything be more enchanting? And we feel flattered at having been included among her good companions in this extra "desirable residence." Miss Laye was at the Adelphi for the first night of Noel Coward's latest, "Words and Music" (as shown on page 547), but London thinks it is quite time she had a first night of her own again



SWEET LAYE AND
SWEET LAVENDER

LEFT: MISS LAYE'S
SPECIAL FRIENDS



"I SAW IT IN 'THE TATLER'"

Photographs by Sasha

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK



MISS MURIEL DICKSON
As Elsie Maynard in "The Yeomen
of the Guard"



MISS MARJORIE EYRE
As Phoebe in "The Yeomen of the Guard"



MISS ROWENA RONALD
As Phyllis in "Iolanthe"



MISS DOROTHY GILL
As the Duchess of Plaza Toro in
"The Gondoliers"

Photographs by Kathleen Iddon & Valentine

The D'Oyly Carte season of Gilbert and Sullivan Operas opened at the Savoy on the 26th, and that best of all critics, a gentleman named Mr. Box Office, has said that success is as inevitable as usual—a thing which can never have been in any real doubt where Gilbert and Sullivan Opera is concerned. This little gallery above of the leading ladies includes all young faces, only some of them are new. From several points of view the season will undoubtedly be of special interest and regret to many, owing to the fact that Sir Henry Lytton has decided that this must be his farewell London season. Sir Henry Lytton has grown up with Gilbert and Sullivan Opera and it seems almost impossible to visualise it without him. Mr. Martyn Green, who has been chosen as his successor, has been a member of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company for some years, and recently played Sir Henry Lytton's parts with very great success.

A LADY called at a studio for a sitting. The photographer took two positions and promised proofs in the middle of the following week. On the day appointed, the lady's husband called for the proofs, but the photographer showed him one only.

"I understood that there were to be two proofs," said the husband.

"Well, yes," replied the photographer, "I did make two portraits of your wife, but in one she had got her mouth slightly open and showed the end of her tongue."

"Good heavens!" gasped the husband, "let me see that one. I didn't know there *was* an end to it."

The young bride was showing her friends round her brand-new house.

"Look at the lovely piano Uncle gave me," she gushed. "I think I shall have to buy a bust to put on it, but I can't decide whether to have Mozart or Beethoven."

"I should have Beethoven—he was deaf," came from one of the party.

"Now this, Sir," said the antique-dealer proudly, "is a very interesting piece. It is a William and Mary chair."

"It's a bit small, isn't it?" asked the customer, unimpressed, "it looks as though Mary must have sat on William's knee."

"Is Mr. Brown in?" asked a lady of the office boy.

"No, Madam," said the well-trained boy, "he's gone to lunch with his wife."

"Oh, really?" snorted the lady. "Well, when he comes in, just tell him that his typist called."

Two little boys, the sons of a Mormon, on going to school for the first time, were asked for the dates of their birth, and both gave exactly the same date.

"Then you must be twins," said the teacher, to which one of the youngsters replied: "Please, Sir, only on father's side."



SIR HENRY LYTTON
As the Duke of Plaza Toro in
"The Gondoliers"



MR. MARTYN GREEN
As Major-General Stanley in "The
Pirates of Penzance." He has been
chosen as Sir Henry Lytton's successor

The amateur gardener entered a big London store and made his way to the gardening department. "I want three lawn-mowers," he said.

The assistant stared a little. "Three, Sir?" he echoed. "You must have a very big estate."

"Nothing of the kind," snapped the customer, "I have two neighbours."

There was great rivalry between two cricket teams, the respective captains of which were not above a little sharp practice on occasion. Once the home skipper came to the crease with the score at 87 for 6, and the first ball bowled him neck and crop. The skipper was so astonished that he murmured, "Well, I declare . . ." The other captain, overhearing this, said instantly, "That's a good sport," and immediately marched his men off the field.

The landlord called for his rent, which was many weeks overdue.

"I'm sorry," said the tenant, "but I can't pay you this week."

"But you said that last week, and several weeks before that," snapped the landlord.

"Yes, and didn't I keep my word?" replied the tenant blandly.

"Mummy," said the little girl, in great excitement, "there's a fancy-dress carnival next week. Can I go as a milkmaid?"

Her mother looked doubtful. "No, dear," she said at last. "I don't think that would be suitable. You are a bit too young for a milkmaid."

"Well, Mummy," asked the child eagerly, "can't I go as a condensed milkmaid?"

A man applied for work on an excavation job.

"Do you think you are fit for really hard labour?" asked the foreman, eyeing him doubtfully.

"Well, some of the best judges in the country have thought so," was the reply.



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Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE" By

AT a moment when our patriotic hearts are beating high with hope for our Test Team on its way to Australia, we cannot but be greatly intrigued by this outburst of sporting enthusiasm in the Vaterland, especially as Germany has just said that she cannot bear even the mention of a place called Geneva. This "Open Country Sport," as it is termed—facetiously, I should say, for Fritz has a latent sense of humour, believe it or not as we may—includes "throwing dummy hand-grenades," gas-mask endurance contests, and everything, in fact, excepting what they call "American sport"—meaning, presumably, polo, baseball, and box-fighting. It is easy to visualise a German sporting Press as eagerly analysing the bomb spin and googly merchants and leg-break specialists as our own does, and no doubt will be doing continuously during the whole of our winter and the Australian summer. This "Open Country Sport," we are assured, is "for amusement only," just like some of our cross-word puzzles and our Crystal Palace fireworks, and is only designed to keep the little German Boy fit and out of mischief. I see that, in addition to this bomb-throwing sport, they have a few other amusements, like miniature rifle-ranges and small-arms drill; but what of it? Rifle-ranges are as plentiful at our country fairs as "kokernut" shies: which latter, by the way, demand just as much skill on the part of the operator as bomb-throwing, even if they may not be quite so amusing. I expect, when we get the full details of the "Open Country Sport" curriculum, we shall find that the mounted side has not been omitted, because the Germans, unlike ourselves, do not believe that cavalry is an obsolete arm, and think that, in co-operation with fast-moving "mechanised" units, it might still be of the utmost service, if handled by a quick-thinking general with vision plus *aplomb*, in the dynamic warfare which is certain to be the future brand!

I look forward, therefore, with a feeling of the keenest anticipation to hearing about "heads and posts" contests—things at which our own cavalry used to be very good: you had to cut off dummy heads and spike dummy stomachs and cut real lemons, or *brinjals*, at full gallop—tent-pegging, a most useful and amusing sport, particularly when done with a sword instead of a lance, because it makes the competitor learn how to get his hand down well below the ankle-bone, teaches suppleness



J. Hume Barry

A PICTURE IN THE WATER AT CRATHES CASTLE

Crathes is Major-General Sir James Burnett's seat in Kincardineshire, and in this attractive picture are his and Lady Burnett's two sons, Thomas, the heir, and Roger, and Rohays, their only daughter. Sir James Burnett was originally a Gordon Highlander, and got the D.S.O. and bar and the C.M.G. in the Big War

magnificent performers with their own knife—a more or less straight thing, heavy-backed, beautifully tempered, and very sharp. I believe the record-holder was a man who cut someone right through from his left shoulder-chains to his right hip. A pretty good slice, if true.



Poole, Dublin

RACING IN IRELAND: MRS. MORE O'FERRALL AND SIR PERCY LORAINE

Sir Percy Loraine has been High Commissioner for Egypt and the Sudan since 1929. Mrs. More O'Ferrall is the wife of Mr. Dominic More O'Ferrall, of Kildangan Castle, and mother of the successful young Irish trainer

of body at the waist, is good for stomach-ache, and increases the quickness of the eye. I expect, also, the "Open Country Sport" will have sheep-slicing contests. Our cavalry used to do this beautifully before we abandoned that nice weapon, the cutting sabre, in favour of the glorified épée, with which the cavalry of to-day are armed. The scheme was to cut a sheep carcase in half with one nicely contrived draw-cut. It was very pretty to watch. The Gurkhas cut a pig in half in onces with their national weapon, the *kukri*, and I always thought that that was far cleverer than cutting a sheep in half with a sword, because the *kukri* is such a short-bladed weapon. There is a lot of knack about it, of course. Some gentlemen called generically "Pay-thans" used to be, and perhaps still are,

THESE Pathan knives, after retiring from business and being ground down to a suitable size, make excellent things with which to cut bread, and one I have, tricked out with a pale jade haft and a very rudely fashioned silver band, is quite definitely attractive—excellent steel, and you could almost make it sharp enough to shave with. It came my way *via* a gentleman we used to call "Suffering Moses," who lived at a riverside resort called Srinagar, on the Jhelum River, in Kashmir. He dealt in "articles of virtue," but whether this old Pathan knife quite comes under that description I doubt. If only it could speak, what a lurid story might it not tell! "Suffering Moses"—a wizened old Kashmiri even when I knew him, must have been gathered unto his fathers long ago!

It might also be suggested to the Open Country Sporters that they could hit a bit of fun out of another weapon favoured by the faithful followers of the late Mahdi. It was a hell of a two-handed sword. Those brave people, the Hadendowas, were first-class with it. I think that never did Mr. Kipling make T. Atkins ejaculate anything more true than the remark: "'Ere 's to yer, Fuzzy Wuzzy, At your 'ome in the Soudan," adding, if I remember, in the language of the British Army of those times: "You 're a big, black, boundin' (something), But a fast-class fightin' man"! An Open Country Sporters' Gymkhana ought to be well worth going to see.

(Continued on page viii)



AT THE NINETEENTH the stroke of genius most appreciated by all is the soothing hospitality of Haig. To avoid disappointment at the Club House **AND ELSEWHERE SAY 'HAIG'**—*“why be vague?”*

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Heston's Clock.

H^{ESTON}, quite unconsciously, has provided itself with its own symbol: the great new clock on the apron in front of the control tower. The diameter of the face is such that if you look at the point of the large hand you will see it moving: time passes by as you stand on the tarmac. But at Heston the passage of time is kept pace with by the progress of invention and organisational fertility. There is always something new there; some



SIR ALAN COBHAM AT THE NATIONAL AVIATION DISPLAY AT KELSO

A group taken at the civic reception given to Sir Alan Cobham at the recent National Aviation Display at Kelso. In the picture (left to right) are: Provost Scott of Kelso, Provost and Mrs. Wells-Mabon of Jedburgh, the Duke of Roxburghe, Sir Alan Cobham, Provost Hayward of Galashiels, and the Duchess of Roxburghe. The name of the gentleman at the back is not announced

novel plan or mechanism for serving the aeroplane owner better than he has been served in the past. "Being your slave, what should I do but tend upon the hours and times of your desire; I have no precious time at all to spend, nor services to do, till you require." That is the message the Heston clock seems to convey to those who are flying over the aerodrome. For Heston is devoted to its purpose: to serve the aeroplane owner in the most efficient manner possible.

This aim is particularly noticeable when, as happened to me the other day, one visits the aerodrome after an absence of a few weeks. For I found many other things of note besides the clock. The new engine overhaul sheds, for instance, contain two impressive new machine tools. One stands near the entrance, craning its long steel neck up to the roof of the shed, and the other lies, as it were, at full length beyond it. Huge blocks of metal capable of movements gauged to less than a quarter of a thousandth of an inch. They are machines almost unique in aero-engineering. I believe that there are only two others like them in the country. The tall one is for honing cylinder-bores, and the other for grinding crankshaft journals. The limits of accuracy are greater than can be secured by any other tools, and in all engineering accuracy is the first of the secrets of trustworthiness. After honing the cylinder-bores with this machine, the engine needs no running-in in the ordinary sense of the term, for the bores have a gloss like the finest lacquer. The other machine deals with crankshaft journals with equal precision.

Egyptian Airwork, a company which was set going by Mr. A. J. Muntz, is performing in Egypt functions very similar to those performed by Heston in England. It is creating a style for private flying and establishing a standard for all the work associated with it. The full possibilities of flying in Egypt have yet to be discovered and made use of, but the operations of Egyptian Airwork will accelerate matters. And perhaps one can see in this development the germ of that international air-touring which must one day become the mainstay of private flying.

Hatfield.

Despite the rumours spread by those who have failed to acquaint themselves with the facts, the Stage and Screen Aero Club at Hatfield is gradually making progress, and its members have been doing a good deal of flying since its formation. I doubt if any aero club ever has or ever will start with quite the flourish that its founders expect, but if three or four members begin to learn to fly, it may be said that a club has justified its formation. With sufficient energy on the part of the secretary and instructors, future progress is then assured.

Hatfield is one of the few aerodromes really out in the country, the land all around being open and pleasant to look upon and to fly over—two things not always synonymous. Mr. Rivers Oldmeadow, who is responsible for the technical instruction, succeeds in making the weekly dances at Hatfield go well, and in seeing that the general work of the aerodrome runs smoothly, while the actual flying is performed with the efficiency one expects from the De Havilland Company. When I went there the other day, the new road leading out from London was under repair for a distance of several miles, and the frequent stoppages for traffic signals and flag-wagging navvies seriously reduced average speed. But when the road is clear the journey can be done in about 50 minutes. This is not long to spend in order to reach an aerodrome in such pleasant surroundings and so ideal for flying.

(Continued on page xiv)



STARTERS IN THE YORKSHIRE AEROPLANE CLUB'S RACE TO LONDONDERRY, NEAR BEDALE

A group taken at the Club headquarters at Yeaton just before the start. The names (left to right) are: Captain Cudemore, Mrs. J. L. Macalpine, Mr. W. Hubble, Mr. G. V. Williamson, Mr. F. McGevor, Mr. Jobling, Mr. A. C. Thornton (handicapper) and Mr. B. Moody



Your Winter Coat

Pressure of political news prevents us from taking several pages and really telling you about our winter overcoats! However, we hope that you will come here and see for yourself, for never have we had quite such a magnificent collection. There are double-breasted waisted coats for town. There are heavy Ulsters. There are many styles also in between these two extremes: for instance, the Walking Ulster which is suitable for town and for country too. They are all to be had, of course, in every size and in the widest possible variety of tones, colourings and materials. All these overcoats are beautifully tailored, with scrupulous attention to detail, and perhaps, therefore, the most remarkable thing about them is the reasonable price at which they are offered.

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5 GUINEAS

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P.1892

PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON

The Fuel.

P'raps a little bit late in the day to refer to the recent rise in the price of juice, and, indeed, I wouldn't say a word about it if there were any chance of its being the last. Very soon, I fear, it will be a case of "H'up we go again." But don't let's be foolish enough to blame the oil companies, whose job it is to hunt dividends for their shareholders. Just because of cut-throat competition we have been living, of late years, in a fool's paradise, and it is entirely our own fault if we have not noticed it.

Anyone could see with half an eye that the absurdity was bound to end sooner or later, for no one, however wealthy, can go on selling his product at a loss. Nevertheless, there is a bit of guilt on the the gingerbread, though very few seem to have remarked its glint. When the petrol price becomes stabilized at the point at which the oleomagnates are satisfied with what they are gathering in, there will be a fair chance for this country to make itself self-supporting in its motor-fuel (and naval oil) supply. There will be a chance for our almost derelict coal-mine to spring once more into activity and return to a dividend-paying basis, which would be a very welcome thing for many depressed parts of this country. The hydrogenation process which converts coal into liquid fuel is proved and practical. It is ready to be worked in this country, and would have been worked a year or two ago if dumped petrol had not been so absurdly cheap. So, you see, good may ultimately come out of an apparent evil. But if you are cross about the cost of m.p.g., kindly be sensible and direct your grouse to the Treasury. It is they who are the profiteers, with their damnable eightpence a gallon, and not the oil companies. This tax has got to be removed or reduced. No small job, for when Whitehall gets its hooks into a spot of revenue it is very hard to disentangle them. *Dear Winston, dear Philip!* How we do love you.

A Fine Job.

Another day I took out one of the new Rover 14 Pilot saloons and, though it was brand-new from the delivery department and carried with wise-cracks about the way it should be driven for the first few hundred miles (which injunctions, strangely enough, I obeyed), it proved to be a real motor-car in the best sense of the term. This giving of an extra whack of power was a most sensible move, for



AT NAWORTH CASTLE: LADY CARLISLE AND HER CHILDREN

Lord and Lady Carlisle have two children, Lord Morpeth, born in 1923, and Lady Carolyn Howard, born in 1919. The other girl in the punt is Miss Bodley. Naworth Castle is at Carlisle, and Lady Carlisle is a daughter of Lord and Lady Ruthven

Arthur Owen

Fixed gear can be had when wanted by a half turn of a knob on the dashboard. This latter I liked, too, for it is complete to a fault, besides boasting three cubbies that do not shake their contents on to your lap. The steering comes up to my ideal—it is light in action and has a wheel-rim of fascinating slimness. Of course, gear-changing is just tiddlywinks, for with the free-wheel in action (and even without) a tyro could hardly go wrong. I give this 14 Pilot a lot, a great lot, of marks. Those responsible for it have put their backs and their brains into it and they have made a big achievement.

More and More.

The numerous themes that are touched briefly in the ensuing paragraph will duly be extended and elaborated. For the time being, since there are so many of them to go into an inelastic space, they will have to be condensed into mere enunciation. Hillman are henceforth concentrating on two models only, the Minx and the Wizard, but the latter has, as before, two alternative engine sizes. I am told that the 1933 65 is the equal of the 1932 75, and (to those who know the latter) it will be sufficient to say that in its new form it shows an equally big advancement. There are several new body types, including a seven-seater. Humber, in common with Hillman, have the benefits of "cushioned power," of thermostatically-automatically controlled hydraulic shock-absorbers, and of quite a new scheme of induction called "cyclonic power." Thanks to this, Humber engines, all of them, including that of the new 4-cylinder Twelve, have plain side-valve engines. Yet without expense of noiselessness the performance has been definitely increased, though the bodies are more elaborate than ever, and traffic indicators are now fitted. The smaller Six is now known as

(Continued on p. xiv)



Photo, Dublin

AT LEOPARDSTOWN RACES LAST WEEK

Mr. Edward Lindsay-Hogg and Miss Ingrid McDermott in the members' enclosure. Mr. Lindsay-Hogg is Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg's only brother. Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, who married Miss Frances Doble, the well-known young actress, has a son and heir who was born in 1930

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

A decorative border composed of various seashells and small flowers, arranged in a repeating pattern around the perimeter of the page.

SHELL

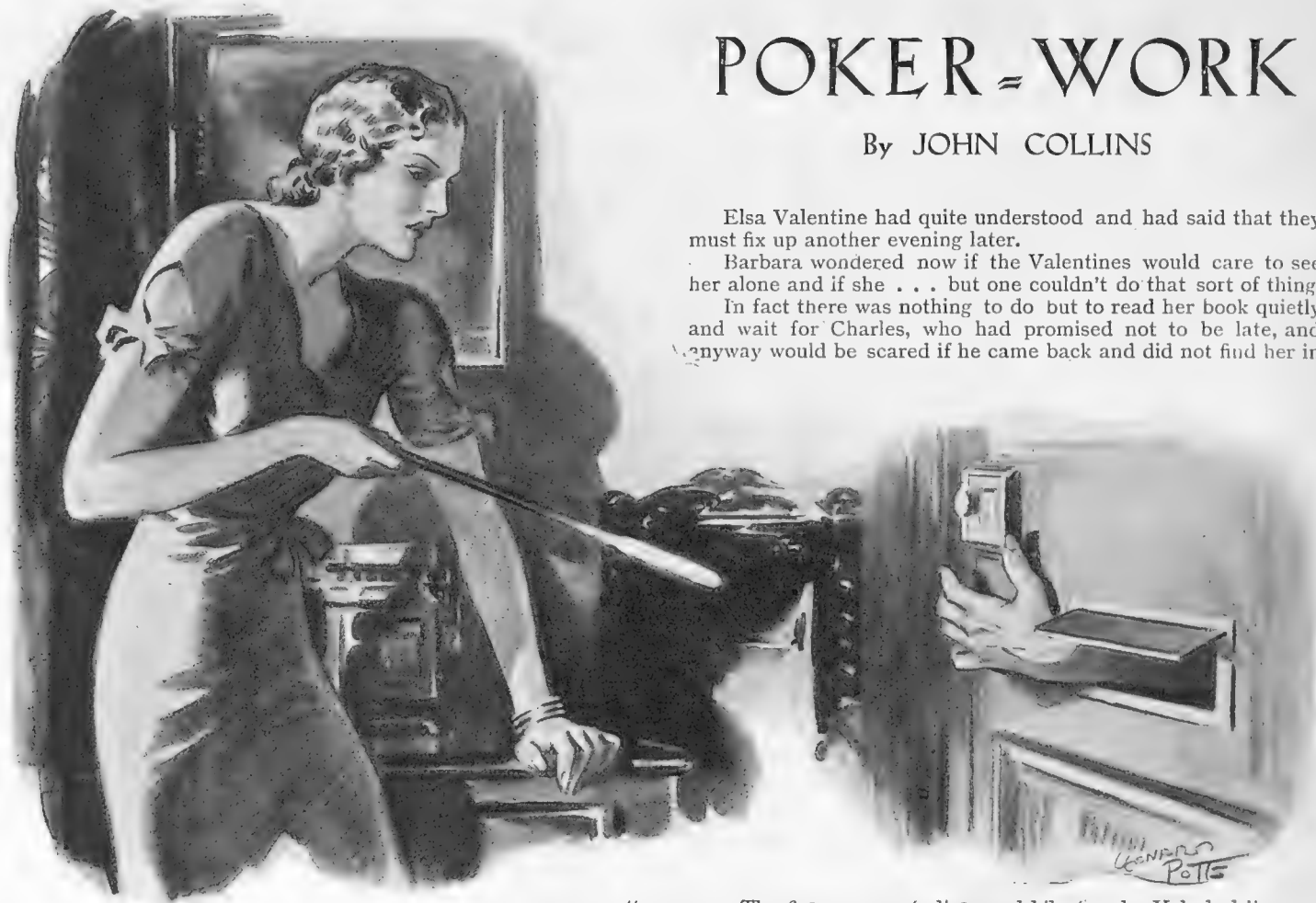
has a position to keep up

Shell, as the premier motor spirit, is not content to rest upon its laurels. Plant, methods of manufacture, and distribution are continually being modified and improved — but only where experience and research have shown that it is in the interests of the consumer.

THAT IS WHY
YOU CAN BE
SURE OF SHELL

POKER-WORK

By JOHN COLLINS



" . . . The fingers were feeling stealthily for the Yale lock "

BARBARA told herself that she was not nervous. Indeed, there was no reason on earth why she should be. She was in what is probably the safest place in the world, a flat in Chelsea on the third floor without a lift, only one staircase, and a complete staff of one night and two day porters below; moreover, she knew that, though Elsie, her one maid, having cleared away dinner, had gone down to her room in the basement for the night, it was already half-past nine, and Charles would certainly be back from that City dinner of his before eleven.

No—there was nothing whatever to worry about.

But when you have been married straight from the school-room less than two months ago, and this is your very first evening quite alone, it is no use pretending that you would not feel happier if Charles had bought that little terrier he was talking about yesterday. And then Charles did say a few days ago that he believed that the dear old night porter spent most of his evenings round the corner at the Blue Cow.

And suddenly, for no good reason, Barbara found herself hating the "dear old man," and wishing that in spite of the fog she had not put off her engagement to dine with her mother in Bayswater. Charles would have called for her, and they could have come home together.

She got up and thrust the poker into the fire to make it burn more brightly—a companionable thing, a good fire.

Her book did not seem quite so interesting as she had hoped. For a moment she thought of getting her sewing; then she remembered that she had left it in her bedroom, and that Elsie was bound to have turned out the lights in the passage and hall as usual. In short, a pretty girl of twenty-one suffering from a slight attack of nerves about nothing at all; and that is not so very unusual.

It was strange though, having no one to talk to. She had half a mind to go up to the flat above and find out if that nice couple, the Valentines, would still like to see her.

They had only moved in the week before, and that very morning she had got into conversation with Mrs. Valentine on the stairs. Or rather, Mrs. Valentine had got into conversation with her, and had said finally that she did so hope they would both come in and dine one night. Barbara had been so flattered to find herself liked that she had accepted for that very evening, and had only remembered at the last moment that they would both be out.

the flat. Also the attack was passing and she was almost ready to laugh at her fears, indeed she would go and get that needle-work from her bedroom after all.

She had reached the door and her hand was already on the knob when a slight noise in the hall made her pause. She stood quite still listening.

Yes—there was somebody at the front door of the flat.

A glance at the clock—still short of ten. Far too early for Charles.

Barbara may have been sitting shaking in her chair ten minutes before for no reason, but she was very far from being a coward, and with some definite danger to meet was a very cool and collected person. Without a sound she switched off the electric light and opened the door.

As she expected, the hall was in darkness, but the light of the fire was sufficient to illumine dimly the front door, and what she saw there made her catch her breath with a gasp.

The flap of the letter box in the centre of the door had been raised and through it was being pushed very slowly inch by inch a man's hand and wrist.

Barbara did none of the things usual in the circumstances. She did not shriek, or faint, or make a dash for her bedroom. She stood quite still, feeling very dry in the mouth and very shaky at the knees, and wondered if she could get a call through to the police before the man got in.

A coal shifting in the fire made her turn her head for an instant, and in that instant she saw her ideal weapon. She stole across the room on tip-toe and laid hold of the poker.

This was delicate work; she must not make more noise than would normally be made by the fire settling, and yet she knew that she was playing against time measured in seconds.

It seemed minutes before she was in the hall again holding the poker of which three inches of the point still glowed red-hot.

Half a hairy forearm was now through the flap of the letter box and the fingers were feeling stealthily for the Yale lock.

Having already taken off her shoes she was not afraid of disturbing the intruder now, but it took all her courage to make the last two steps across the hall and lay the red-hot poker across the bare back of that arm just above the wrist-bone.

Barbara had not had time to imagine what would happen next. She had nerved herself for a cry or a violent attack on the door; anything except what actually occurred, which seemed to her the most horrible of all the moments of that nightmare evening.

(Continued on p. xvi)



'This for the match . . .'

Many a bottle of
JOHNNIE WALKER
has been won by
the holing of a
putt this length

★ By the way, what length would you say it is? We offer no prize for the correct solution; but if you want to verify your estimate, the answer's on **page XXII**



BORN 1820—STILL GOING STRONG



Jolly good company: Miss Pauline Doran, Girl Champion for the third year in succession, with (right) Miss Aline de Gunzbourg, who took her to the 19th in the final at Stoke Poges

THIS year there were no two opinions about it; the standard of golf in the Girls' Championship was really high, and any grown-up lady golfer would have been hard put to it to keep nearer to an average of 4's than Miss Pauline Doran, Miss Jessie Anderson, or Miss de Gunzbourg did at Stoke Poges.

Of course, everything was in apple-pie order, and greens perfection. Of course, L.G.U. tees make a very big difference. Of course, the girls were playing each other, and, except that they all held Miss Doran in considerable awe, nobody was very much frightened of anybody else. But even when you have made all these allowances, it is no easy matter to go on round after round playing the golf those three did, and it would be absurd not

to give them their due. Miss Lulu Esmond as the other semi-finalist must not be forgotten, but she had lesser lights to tackle, and never seemed quite to find the form which was hers, for instance, in the French Championship this summer.

Look at the length of them. These four certainly, and a good many of those beaten earlier in the proceedings, only needed wood for the second shots at the 14th and 18th; the 17th looked positively short when Miss de Gunzbourg put a high iron second to within 3 yards of the pin to become dormy in the final, or equally close to the 15th in the semi-final. And those, mind you, were perfectly controlled shots, not wild slogging which might or might not finish close to the pin.

Length won the semi-final for Miss de Gunzbourg, but that is not Miss Pauline Doran's trump card nor the reason why she is now girl champion for the third time running. She has learnt to hit a ball a great deal farther than she did a year ago, so that nobody was getting anything appreciable off her, but it was good



Miss Grace Amory, from Long Island, U.S.A., played fine golf at Stoke Poges, but found one too good for her in Miss Jessie Anderson

EVE AT GOLF

By Eleanor E. Helme

firm chipping and, above all, a grand belief that she could win, and determination that she would, which did it for her. She has yet to make any mark in grown-up golf, so that it is most distressing that she forgot until too late to enter for the English championship, where it would have been so interesting to see what she could do. But, judged by her Stoke Poges performance, she has one of the very stoutest of hearts, undismayed alike by the responsibility of being a double holder, by some folk's opinion that she was not the best golfer in the field, or by such a desperate situation as dormy 1 against her after she had been up all the way in the final. Hats must certainly be taken off to Miss Doran, for she did right nobly, and the Championship Cup, thanks to her and Miss Jessie Anderson, remains in England instead of

crossing the Channel or the Atlantic. It was simply delightful to have American and French entries, and the Girls' Championship is one of the places where there are truly and definitely no international barriers at all but genuine friendship. Yet, all the same, Great Britain does like to keep one or two championships for herself.

The American menace—what a silly label it really is when attached to a smiling eighteen-year-old golfer?—loomed large the first day, for Miss Grace Amory of Deepdale, Long Island, disposed of Miss Grant 8 and 7, and of Miss Kearney—who ought to make her mark in Irish golf—4 and 3. But then Scotland came to the rescue, not for the first time in our rough island story. Miss Jessie Anderson is one of the most finished and convincing golfers who have ever swung a club in this championship. Not for nothing does the L.G.U. gold handicap medal bedeck her cap;



Miss Jessie Anderson, a gallant young fighter from Scotland, was a semi-finalist in the Girls' Championship promoted by "The Bystander"

she is thoroughly worthy of it. She played astonishing golf the first morning, two under 4's for the 13 holes of her match, and the next day was 74 for the 17 holes in which she beat Miss Amory, and 77 for the 18 which left her square with Miss de Gunzbourg, only to be beaten at the 19th. The two matches were curiously alike, only the reverse way round. In the morning Miss Anderson was never up on Miss Amory between the 1st and the 16th, and actually 2 down and 5 to go; in the afternoon she was never down to Miss de Gunzbourg between the 1st and the 19th, and actually 2 up and 4 to go. The French girl's 35 home that afternoon against her, and then a gorgeous 4 at the 19th, which she reached in 2, was very great golf, and no mistake about it.

The final was disappointing in comparison until it came to the 16th hole, when the fun really began. Miss Doran, after losing the 3rd, had been square or 1 up all that time, but lost the 16th to a 3, the 17th to a grand 4. Then it was that Miss Doran showed at her very best, for she put chips dead at both 18th and 19th to win both in 4. It was splendid. No wonder that chaperones elected to watch rather than play; that the

(Continued on p. xviii)

TAILORED STYLES BY DEBENHAMS ARE ACCEPTED AS
AUTHORITATIVELY IN THE MODE

New Autumn COATS & SUITS

*in the fashionable
diagonal novelty
materials—and
with the real fur
trimmings that are
distinctively the
Mode this Autumn*

(As illustration No. 1)

Stylish

TAILORED COAT

*A style becoming to nearly all
figures is this well tailored
coat made from diagonal
novelty material. The sleeves
are cleverly cut with bands of
fur and fitting under sleeve,
the collar of sable-dyed
squirrel. In black, shades of
brown, red, blue and green.
Three sizes.*

gns. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$



(As illustration No. 2)

Smart

TWO-PIECE SUIT

*in diagonal novelty material;
the frock featuring the new
hand-drawn thread work on
the bodice; well-cut skirt.
The short lined coat has a
collar of dyed Australian
Opossum. In new Autumn
colours, three sizes.*

gns. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$

Full size 21/- extra.

No. 1

No. 2

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W. 1

Debenhams Ltd.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E.

"WORDS and Music," by Noel Coward, presented by C. B. Cochran at the Adelphi Theatre, is a pageant of modern fashions; of course, the words and the music are never subservient to the modes. "The Children of the Ritz," led by Joyce Barbour, wear velvet sheath frocks of the Directoire character; they are slit up nearly to the hips, revealing sun-burnt opera hose; there are puff shoulder sleeves and long sweeping trains. In the first scene Joyce Barbour wears black and the "young ladies" vellum tinted; in the second scene the position of affairs is reversed. In "The Younger Generation" Rita Lyle, surrounded by her daughters, appears in a black velvet negligée; directly her daughters leave her for the night, she discards her wrapper and dons her white angel skin frock; it is moulded to her figure; the lines of the corsage slant from right to left



BROOKE

It is such a lovely Court dress that Doris Hare wears in the car in "The Three White Feathers" in "Words and Music"; it appears to be of miroir velvet of a delicate mauve nuance, its sculptured folds increasing its dignity; certainly débutantes will envy the manner in which the plumes and veil are kept in position. In another scene Joyce Barbour appears in a bottle-green "polished" satin frock; the skirt is enriched with bands of fur that suggest sable; the coat that accompanies it is a novel version of the cavalier. The autumn elephant grey shade suits Ann Codrington admirably; she is seen in an afternoon frock of this shade, a new note being a rever or half-handkerchief drapery of organdie. Naomi Waters' choice has also alighted on a pale grey ensemble of the princess persuasion; the skirt is of velvet with a drapery on one side; the corsage and coatee are of marocain

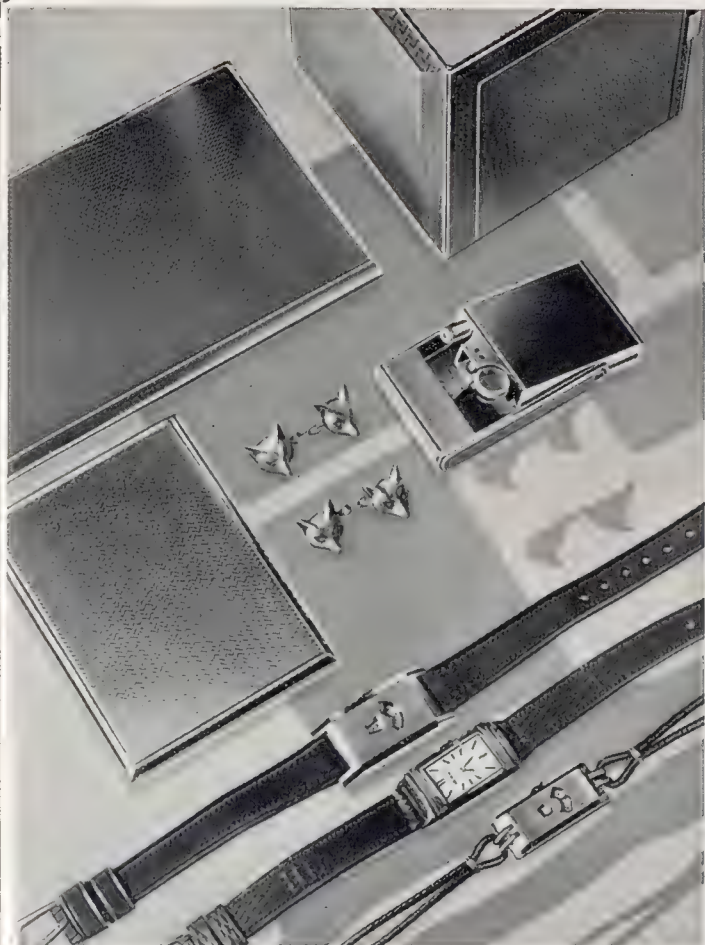
FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN

THERE is no definite change in fashions for children is the opinion of the well-known outfitters, Rowe of 106, New Bond Street. Simplicity is the characteristic feature of the tailored models on this page; there is a decided feeling for twins, that is to say, coats cut on the same lines for small boys and girls. For instance, the coat at the base of the page on the right is one of a twin; it is made of flecked tweed. The girl's coat facing it is also one of a twin; it is carried out in brown-flecked tweed piped with red. The brown tweed boy's coat on the right with semi-belt is of interest, as knickers to match may be supplied which may be attached to the blouse if desired. The girl's coat at the top of the page is of a new fancy wool fabric trimmed with stitching. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that these coats have good turnings, so that they can be altered to suit the needs of growing children; they fit perfectly over the shoulders and at the neck. The firm excel in outfits for schoolboys and girls. Catalogues will be sent on application. Their party frocks are as simple as they are attractive



PICTURES BY BLAKE

JAY'S LTD. REGENT STREET. LONDON, W.1



9 Carat Gold Cigarette Case (shown open) £20.15.0 + 9 Carat Gold Slide Cigarette Cases £18.15.0 and £34.10.0 + Gold Foxhead Links, Ruby Eyes, £4.5.0 + Silver Slide Action Lighter £3.15.0 + Reverso Watch, Wristlet £12.17.6 + Jumping Figure Wrist Watches: Gent's Chromium Plated £3.15.0 Ladies' Gold £7.7.0.

Gifts that make choosing a pleasant indulgence of fine taste... gifts of great beauty but of good use too... at Asprey's there is always a collection to tempt those who would choose well.

However modest your choice (for Asprey's study limited incomes, too) the name Asprey adds greater prestige to your gift.

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1781

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Telephone: Regent 6767



FROM OUR NEW
READY-TO-WEAR
DEPARTMENT

No. 18

(Second Floor)

AFTERNOON ENSEMBLE in wool Matalasse, consisting of a most becoming Frock on cross-over lines, trimmed with white angel-skin, together with an elaborately worked top-coat, with collar of squirrel. Green or Rust. **18½ gns.**

JAY'S
Established nearly a Century. Ltd
REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—cont.

There is no doubt about it that Corot's (33, Old Bond Street) autumn collection is one of the finest achievements of her career. She has taken into consideration the chaotic conditions of the times inasmuch as the prices that prevail are decidedly moderate; nevertheless she has never sacrificed graceful lines, individuality, and harmony of proportions. Of course a few words must be said about the payments by the instalment system; it is perfectly simple, being robbed of all troublesome formalities. For instance, a frock or wrap that costs seven guineas may be acquired by payment of one guinea down and six subsequent monthly payments. Attention must be called to a very particular model for women who are not so slender as they could desire. The fabricating medium is silk marocain (black or coloured); it is of the cross-over persuasion with a difference; transverse tucks—so fine that they are almost invisible—introduce the necessary fullness from the shoulders to the waist, where there is a device that overcomes the unattractive dragging that is frequently present in dresses of this character; it is perfectly simple to adjust. There is a vest and tucks on the sleeve. An illustration of this dress would gladly be sent on application

M. E. B.



The models on this page from Corot (33, Old Bond Street) reveal her masterly touch of execution. She accepts the trend of current fashion, but follows her own inspirations in the matter of individuality and the needs of women who have a reputation to maintain for being well dressed. The evening frock is expressed in white elephant skin with ostrich feathers encircling the armholes; note the sheath character; it is 5½ guineas. Acorn is the name of the frock in the centre; it is likewise 5½ guineas, and is a study in marine blue and white; it is carried out in a soft woollen weave, the cape being detachable. A new wool material has been used for the coat with a luxurious fox collar; it is impossible to do justice to it in words. Women when wearing it will experience that delightful sensation of knowing they are looking their best; surely there is no better mental tonic



E. J. Fulton

Madam! Your NEW Gloves, Hose and Shoes at really exciting prices for one week

**GLOVE-STOCKING
& SHOE WEEK**
at **MARSHALL & SNELGROVE**

Now comes the season's opportunity for the wise woman to buy her Gloves, Shoes and Stockings and effect big savings in the process. For six days every item in these departments is reduced in price. You cannot afford to miss this great chance. If you cannot call please order by post from this page.

Make a note of the Date:
OCTOBER 3RD TO 8TH

STOCKINGS

A Few Examples:

BRITISH SILK

Extra fine British Silk Stockings, plain and lace clox. In all colours, slightly sub-standard. Made to sell at 8/11 per pair.

Special Price, for one week **4/11**

PURE SILK

220 dozen of the well-known French Ingrain pure Silk "Rex," lace clox, lisle feet and top, perfect goods, in colours. Usual price 6/11 per pair.

Special Price, for one week **4/6**

Three pairs for 12/11

A BIG REDUCTION

The famous Aristoc and Marshella Silk Stockings, all good weight, slightly sub-standard. Usual price 6/11 and 7/11 per pair.

Special Price, for one week **4/6**

AT HALF PRICE

"Fama" extra fine Grenadine pure Silk, lace clox, in colours. Slightly sub-standard. Usual price 14/9 per pair.

Special Price, for one week **7/11**

"MARSELLA"

Pure Silk Stockings, lisle feet and hem, fancy lace clox, slightly sub-standard. Usual price 4/11 per pair.

Special Price, for one week **3/6**

Heavy 14-thread, pure silk throughout, in all leading colours. Usual price 8/11 per pair.

Special price, for one week **7/6**



Exceptional offer, Ladies' Evening Shoes in Court or One-bar styles. In black or white Crepe-de-Chine or Satin. Usual Price 39/6

Special Price, pair **25/9**



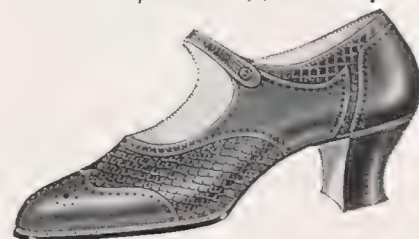
Fancy Tie Shoe in Calf and Lizard with covered Cuban heel. Continental last. In Black or Brown. Usual price 45/-

Special Price, pair **21/9**



Light-weight Ghillie Shoe, no cap. In Black or Brown Calf. Low heel. Usual price 35/9

Special Price, pair **18/9**



Real Python and Calf One-bar Shoe, military heel. In brown only. Usual price 42/-

Sale Price, pair **28/9**

GLOVE OFFERS

A fine Sardinian Lambskin Chevette, sac shape, elastic at wrist, in greys, beavers, drabs and browns.

Special Price, per pair **5/11**

Usual Price 7/11 per pair.

Washable Hogskin Gloves, side gusset, in usual golden fawn shade, almost free from marks in back.

Special Price, per pair **8/11**

Sac White Washable Doeskin Gloves, handsewn in black.

Special Price, per pair **4/8**

Exceptional purchase in first grade wear-clean Gloves, sac shape, side gusset, finished tops. In greys, fawns, pastels and beavers.

Special Price, per pair **5/11**

Usual Price 9/11 per pair. Cannot be repeated.

A very Special offer in French washable Doeskin Gloves, sac shape, elastic at wrists. In light medium and dark grey colours only. Special Price, per pair **5/11**

Usual Price 11/9 per pair.

Write for Catalogue

SPECIAL WEEK BEGINS MONDAY NEXT

Marshall & Snelgrove
(Debenhams Ltd.)
Vere Street and Oxford Street,
L O N D O N W . 1

FROM NORTH OF THE TWEED



An important feature of the pull-over above are the neat ribbed bands at the wrists and waist



It is from the House of Peter Scott, Hawick, that this Pesco sportswear comes; it is sold practically everywhere. There are suits, frocks, jumpers, coatees, and skirts in designs modern, and in colourings gay

It is with the cunning of an artist's hand that marine blue, beige, and almond green are blended in the pure wool Pesco jumper above

The pinafore note is introduced in the jumper on the left (bottom); the vest and sleeves are striped, while the pinafore portion is plain. The neckline is novel

For sports and country wear is this two-piece Pesco suit; the coat and pleated skirt are brown, while an elusive beige nuance increases the charm of the jumper

PICTURES
BY BLAKE



One of the principal attractions at the opening of the Revillon Collection for the Winter was the vivacious Beryl, with her escort Mythe Loris. The hand of Revillon is arrestingly apparent in her tailored coat and skirt of white American broadtail.



THE LORD MAYOR GOES GREYHOUND RACING

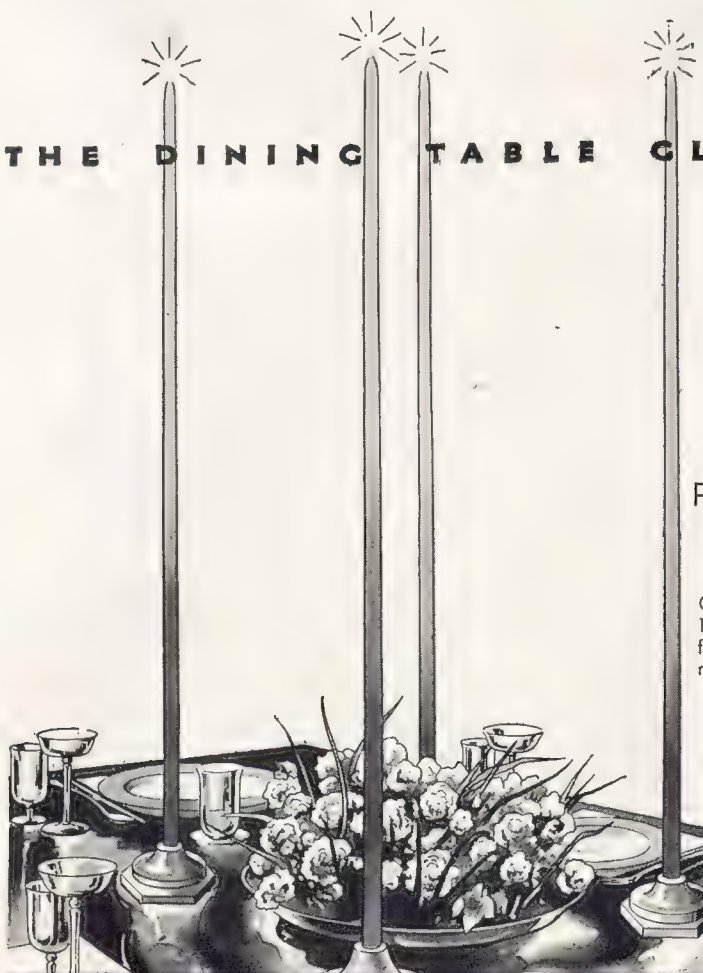
A group at dinner at the White City when the Lord Mayor "went to the dogs" last week, and moreover had two winning bets—one a Tote double. In the group, left to right, are: The Lady Mayoress, Brig.-General Critchley, the Lord Mayor, Mrs. Critchley, and three others un-named

(Below)—
AT THE AMERICAN OPEN POLO CHAMPIONSHIP:
MRS. ERIC PEDLEY PRESENTS THE PRIZES

Templeton beat Greentree in the final of the American Open Championship, and Mrs. Eric Pedley is here seen presenting the Cup to Mr. Winston Guest (the American International). Others in the group, left to right, are: Mr. Raymond Guest, Mr. Stewart-Iglehart, Captain the Hon. F. E. Guest, and Mr. Michael Phipps. Mrs. Eric Pedley is the wife of one of America's real polo stars who is International class



THE DINING TABLE GLORIFIED



When you light these Nell Gwynn candles, the dining-table becomes transformed. The glow of candle-light is answered by the gleam of silver, and the colour of the flowers is repeated in the colour of the candles themselves. Not only at night, but in the daylight hours, their vivid beauty will lend distinction to your decorative schemes. What company could fail to be gracious and gay in an atmosphere of such charm!

FIELD'S Nell Gwynn CANDLES

Gift Box containing four 14-inch Candles and four Candlesticks to match—5/- Per Box. (as illustrated)

Nell Gwynn candles are made in 36 different colours and 10 sizes. They are solid dyed—not merely surface tinted—and they burn steadily without smoke or odour.

★FREE: An interesting booklet on candles for lighting and decoration, illustrated in full colours, will be sent post free on request to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. Q. 1, London, S.E.1.

J. C. & J. FIELD LTD., EST. 1642 IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I LONDON S.E.1

OH-RO-DO-DEE-O-DOH!

I'm off to Nicolls for my Rodeo Shirt



Say, gal, have you seen these Nicoll Rodeo blouses yet? The most devil-may-care shirts that ever struck this little old town! Made of a new soft wool, in regler Tom Mix checks of black and white and red and violet! And doggone it, if they haven't got snappy bands o' knitting at the waist and cuff to keep you extra warm. Price two guineas. Rope a mettlesome taxi and canter round to our Younger London Department where these Rodeos are rioting along with all manner of audacious clothes. You should just see the new sweaters with thunder-drop spots! The sports coats, the cardigans, the caps! If you're out for the most talked-of garments in town—come right in!

NICOLLS

OF REGENT STREET

H. J. NICOLL & CO., LTD., 114-120, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1. Phone: REGENT 1951

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 552

In company with a good many other people (at least, so I hope) I was delighted to read something in the papers the other day which reminded me that, in spite of some rumours to the contrary, there was still a thing called the British Navy in existence. One does read so much about new German "pocket battleships," French cruisers, and super pocket battleships, Italian super-super cruisers, Yank super ships and Jap ships, and all sorts of other what-nots, that one began to wonder whether there were any others in the world. It is the matter of the breaking up of this gallant old Cunarder, *Carmania*, which fought one of the best single-ship actions of the War, and sank the German merchant cruiser, *Cap Trafalgar*, on September 14, 1914, which calls the British Navy to mind. It was one of the most gallant single-ship scraps of the War, and if we had had a Dibdin it would surely have given him some material for producing something quite as good as "The Saucy *Arethusa*." *Carmania* and *Cap Trafalgar* were much the same class of passenger liner, the German, however, having the legs of our ship to a knot or two. Everything has been mentioned about this fight—the date, the range at which they opened (7,500 yards), and the range to which they closed (3,500), and so forth and so on, but the names of the two chaps who commanded the British ship were not mentioned. This little omission I propose to supply. The naval officer commanding *Carmania* was Captain Noel Grant, R.N., the Navigating Officer was Captain J. C. Barr of the Cunard Company, and he was not even a R.N.R. officer. Both ships were at one period badly on fire, and both were pretty severely knocked about. The



CAPTAIN AND MRS. O. J. BATTINE AT THE BEAUFORT HUNT POLO CLUB

Captain Battine was playing No. 2 in the Hyam team, which won the last match played at the B.H.P.C. grounds this season. He is in the Sappers, and is Adjutant of the 48th South Midland Field Company

German eventually sank as a result of what our ship had given her at the short ranges. It was an encounter which was a credit to both sides, a clean stand-up and knock-down fight—just as clean as one as something that had happened 136 years before in very similar circumstances with this difference only, namely, that H.M.S. *Arethusa*, 32 guns, 700 tons, 198 men, and *La Belle Poule*, the Frenchman, 36 guns, 902 tons, 230 men, were both regular fighting ships.

La Belle Poule was the crack frigate of the French Navy, and *Arethusa* was an ex-Frenchman, for we had captured her in a previous period of warfare with France. The amusing thing about this *Arethusa-Belle Poule* action, which was fought off the French coast, was that when it began we were not officially at war with France at all, for she had not then thrown her lot in with America in the War of Independence. The political situation was strained to breaking point. This frigate action boiled up quite accidentally. The French frigates were hailed and some of them answered "quite civilly" we are told, but the *Belle Poule* was the exception and was very rude to *Arethusa*. To that sort of thing, of course, there could only be one result. They were hard at it inside a matter of minutes. *Belle Poule* managed to get away in the end for, like the German ship, *Cap Trafalgar*, she was faster than ours. She had had a devil of a mauling, and *Arethusa* was also too badly wounded to make a success of the pursuit. They wrote a song about the *Arethusa*—but no one even wrote a limerick about the *Carmania*. I think, therefore, that it is a good thing to remind ourselves as often as we can that we have still got a Navy, and that it is manned by as stout fighting men as it was then.

"Taking her for a ride"

"Just off for a cocktail party at Alfred's come along?"

"'Course, his varied reputation includes the shaking of the best Silver Slipper cocktails in London."

(As he lets the clutch in) "'Um, something to do with the gin he uses I believe"

This story you will realise has a motto. Use Holloway's London Dry double distilled and crystal clear.

Abounding goodness bottled for your pleasure always.

HOLLOWAY'S
always

HOLLOWAY'S GIN DISTILLERY CO., MONKTON ST., KENNINGTON, LONDON, S.E.

An invitation to economise

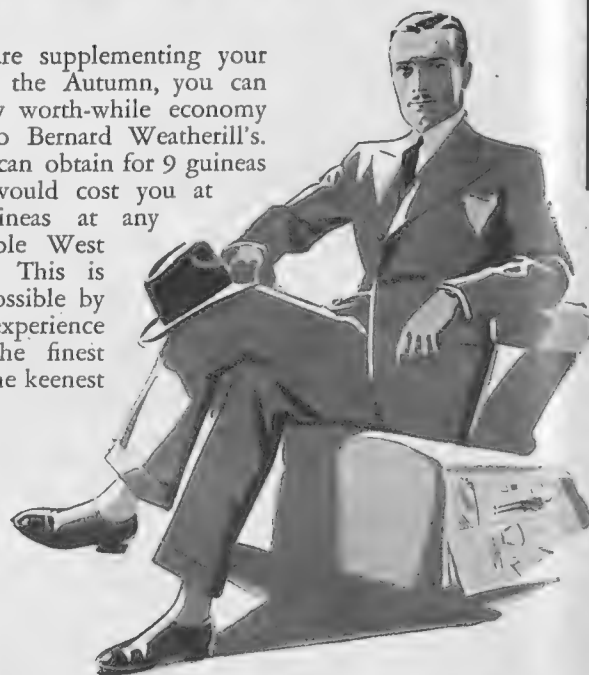
When you are supplementing your wardrobe for the Autumn, you can effect a really worth-while economy by coming to Bernard Weatherill's. For here you can obtain for 9 guineas a suit that would cost you at least 12 guineas at any other reputable West End tailor. This is only made possible by a life-long experience of buying the finest materials in the keenest manner.



By Appointment



By Appointment



Bernard Weatherill
Ltd

55, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1
81, CANNON STREET, E.C.4 BIRMINGHAM, 11, BENNETTS HILL
Branches at Ascot, Aldershot, Camberley



"B-BUT MY TEETH ARE PERFECTLY GOOD!"

"Nevertheless, this X-ray photo proves what I feared," said the doctor.

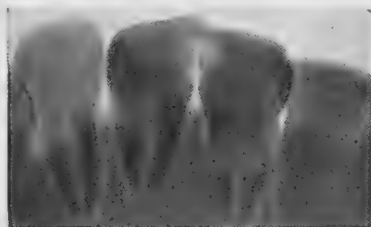
"They're poisoning your system. You must have them out at once!"

MOST people believe that toothache, visible decay, bleeding gums are the sole signals of dental troubles. They do not know that, often, these warnings are absent; that only X-rays can, with certainty, detect the destruction of the bony sockets in which the teeth are held. And such destruction may proceed painlessly but relentlessly until the teeth are lost or health ruined.

A number of things cause Pyorrhœa, that unpleasant and dangerous disease contracted by four out of five past forty. Overfeeding, for instance, and unbalanced diet; slight injuries, too, or crooked, missing teeth; ill-fitting crowns or bridgework. Generally Pyorrhœa starts with neglect, with an accumulation of tartar at the gum-line.

Make no mistake, Forhan's for the Gums will not cure this disease in its advanced stages. Only a dentist can stop its progress then. But taken in time, its regular use will

check further development. Besides being a fine cleansing agent Forhan's is the best safeguard to health and appearance. At chemists everywhere.



Radiograph by A. T. K. Moir, qualified Radiographer.

SEE WHAT THE X-RAYS REVEAL!

This X-ray photograph shows apical absorption of the second incisor, and the early stages of Pyorrhœa. There is also slight exostosis.

By estimate of leading dental authorities four out of five people over forty suffer from Pyorrhœa.

Forhan's
MADE IN ENGLAND 



MISS JOYCE KENNEDY,

now playing in "The Way to the Stars" at Wyndham's Theatre, writes:—

NOTHING but Phosferine—so what more can I say when I am asked how I manage to keep in such splendid health? Even in my schooldays I derived wonderful benefit from Phosferine, and it has so built up my system that I feel there is nothing to compare with it. As everyone knows, stage work always means late hours and insufficient rest, which undermines one's staying powers, and I am sure Phosferine prevents the strain becoming insupportable, as it keeps me in such a splendidly fit and healthy condition, with a reserve of vitality to meet all emergencies. Usually, to feel well on the stage means that one looks well, so naturally I have a warm appreciation for the assistance Phosferine is to my well-being and efficiency."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists.

1/3, 3/- and 5/-

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

WARNING.—Phosferine is prepared only by Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons) Ltd., and the public is warned against purchasing Worthless Imitations.

Marrying Abroad.

On October 31, Lieutenant Francis Webb, Royal Artillery, the son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. A. H. Webb of Sevenoaks, is marrying Miss Enid Elliot-Heywood in Hong-Kong; also in October is the marriage between Major and Brevet Lieut.-Colonel S. G. Simpson, O.B.E., A.E.C., and Miss Margaret Rayson, which is to be at Bombay Cathedral; early in December Mr. Rupert Sausmarez Carey marries Miss Margaret Scott, and the wedding is to take place in Upper Burma; and Mr. John Jervis Garrard of Colombo, Ceylon, is marrying Miss Margaret Wilkinson, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wilkinson of 14, The Grove, Moorhead, Shipley, Yorkshire, and the wedding will take place in February next at Colombo.



MISS DOROTHY SHAW

The third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Shaw, who is sailing to Rangoon next month to marry Mr. S. R. A. Hutchinson, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Hutchinson of Neston, Cheshire, on November 29



MISS JACQUELINE NATHAN

Whose marriage takes place to-day (28th) to Mr. Arthur Sebag-Montefiore, the son of the Hon. Mrs. R. M. Sebag-Montefiore. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David L. Nathan of Auckland, New Zealand

WEDDINGS
AND
ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Wrightson

MISS JEAN RITCHIE

The elder daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Harold Ritchie, D.S.O., and Mrs. E. J. H. Luxmoore of Clewer Hill Lodge, Windsor, whose marriage takes place on October 22 to Commander John Buller Edward Hall, R.N.

the elder son of the late Mr. H. W. Bayliss and of Mrs. Bayliss of Wykeham, Bagenalstown, Co. Carlow, Ireland, and Miss Catherine Murat Williams, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Victor Williams of Richmond, Virginia, U.S.A.; Mr. Edward A. P. L. Townshend of Shamva, S. Rhodesia, the fourth son of the late Mr. Charles L. Townshend of Castletownshend, Co. Cork, and Mrs. Townshend of Hill House, Reigate, Surrey, and Miss F. Doreen Prior-Wandesforde, the younger daughter of Captain R. H. Prior-Wandesforde, D. L., and Mrs. Prior-Wandesforde of Castlecomer House, Co. Kilkenny; Mr. Harold E. Wagstaff, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Wagstaff of Croydon, and Miss Mollie S. Docking, the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. S. R. Docking of Croydon.

the 15th Mr. James Alexander Blain, M.B., Ch.B., Ardersier, and Miss Sheila Louisa Macleod are being married at the Old Parish Church, Nairn.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Gerald John Hamilton, the third son of Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. A. H. J. Hamilton of Diben Manor, Diben, Southampton, and Miss Helen Rosemary Lees, the only daughter of the late Captain Gilbert Lees, late of Feon, Buxton, Derbyshire, and of Mrs. Lees of Walton-on-Thames; Captain William Murray Forbes Bayliss, 16th/5th Lancers,

Next Month.

The marriage arranged between the Rev. E. A. Newman and Miss Jean Grant Duff is to take place at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, on October 1; Mr. Frederick Watson Duthie, F.R.C.S.E., of Charterley House, Hanley, Staffordshire, and Miss Catherine Laird are being married at the Priory Church, Malvern, on October 6; early in the month Lieut.-Commander Harold Pitcairn Henderson, R.N., is marrying Miss Elizabeth Mary Pelham Warner; on



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Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

The Scottish Kennel Club Show takes place at the Waverley Market, Edinburgh, the day these notes appear and the following day, September 29. The Kennel Club Show takes place at the Crystal Palace on October 5 and 6. No one interested in dogs should fail to visit one or other of these shows.

One of the pictures given this week is of our chairman, Lady Howe, and her famous Labradors, Ch. Ingleston Ben and his two sons, Ch. Banchory Trueman and Ch. Bramshaw Bob. These three dogs are considered by experts three of the best Labradors ever seen. They are all good in the field also. Lady Howe, as we all know, owns one of the most famous kennels in the world, and is one of the greatest authorities on gun-dogs. It is partly owing to her that the Labrador owes his present supreme position, but it is also due to his own merits.

Mrs. Lane is doing well with her small but carefully chosen kennel of black cockers. She sends a picture of Kelvedon Suzette. Suzette took six prizes at the Kennel Club show last winter, and when one remembers the competition



DACHSHUND PUPPIES
The property of Miss Dixon

there is in cockers, this is something to be proud of. Suzette has a family by Lucky Star of Ware, which are for sale, and should certainly be good ones. The pups are ten weeks old. There is also a very nice black dog, two years old, for sale. Mrs. Lane is very keen on breeding her own winners,



LADY HOWE AND HER CHAMPION LABRADORS

country, so this is a chance to get one. Mrs. Field also has a wire fox terrier, a Welsh terrier, and some Cairn pups for sale, all at bargain prices.

Mrs. Crawford wishes to recommend a kennel maid. She says, "She is a very good worker and has had experience with all kinds of dogs, some knowledge of stripping. I am pleased to recommend her. She is reliable."

Miss Lane writes full of enthusiasm over the newly-formed International Poodle Club. Lady Burton is its president, and Mrs. and Miss Lane and Mrs. Murray Wilson are among the founders. Many people are joining as members and the club is full of energy and enthusiasm.

In a recent number of this paper I described an Australian terrier as "the property of Mrs. Bassett." This was an error; the terrier in question is the property of a member of the Australian Terrier Club.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



KELVEDON SUZETTE
The property of Mrs. Lane

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GILBERT FRANKAU: "Watching a Miracle." "Had I not seen the miracle done I should never have consented to subscribe this testimony."

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First Thing Every Morning Drink Hot Water & Lemon

Flush Out "Acid Stomach" and
Intestinal Accumulations

Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acid-indigestion with gassy fullness, sourness and burning. It sets up putrefaction of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make

the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean.

If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.



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"WYNDHAM." This very delightful Model is an example taken from the New Collection of Two-piece Suits created in Tweeds and plain dyed Woollen materials in shades of Brown, Blue, Green and Rust. The unusually smart collar of the Coat of this Tweed Two-Piece is fashioned in Brown Squirrel Flank—the Skirt of the long-sleeved Frock is pleated at the sides. Priced at **6½ gns.**

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WRIGHT'S
COAL
TAR
SOAP

6d. per tablet
British Made



Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 556

the 16-60 h.p., the next as the Snipe 80, and finally there is the Pullman. Vauxhall now have but one main model, the 17-h.p. 6-cylinder Cadet, and a very fine job it is, too, for it has been considerably improved in detail, and the new types of bodywork are really admirable in the comfort they afford upon a comparatively short wheel-base. The engine has been given quite a deal more power, but even on a very short trial it was obviously smoother and quieter than before. I was almost going to say that the synchro-mesh gear had been improved, too, but that could hardly be. Choice cars, I call these, well worthy of their great name, and most distinctly inexpensive. The Siddeley programme is much as it was before, for the solid and sufficient reason that there was no reason basically to change it. I note that in all the 6-cylinder models (all, of course, have the self-change gear) a special equipment is available at a modest figure. This includes sliding roof, bumpers, and permanent jacks.

Welcome, indeed, is this last item, and may it set a fashion! With the graceful, modern bodywork curved right down to the tail, back-axle jacking is a curse. Amongst the full-sized cars Siddeley again leads the way. Riley, flushed with rally and race successes, introduces, in addition to the Nine and the 6-cylinder Fourteen, quite a new model in the Six-Twelve. It is almost enough to say that it is a Riley, which is tantamount to saying that it is not only a notable performer, but is just as fine a piece of craftsmanship as Coventry can turn out. Sunbeam, in addition to the 16-h.p. and 20-h.p. 6-cylinder models, with synchro-mesh gear and new body styles and a new shock-absorber scheme, now introduce a new "speed model." This, a Wolverhampton "chiel" who "tak's notes," assures me is hot stuff, though commendably quiet.



AN ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY 20 AT BROADWAY

A beautiful car outside a beautiful old house, the Lygon Arms, in picturesque Broadway, Worcestershire. The Armstrong-Siddeley 20 coachwork saloon, with all-silent four-speed self-changing gear, is one of the best things on the market

Air Eddies—continued from p. 554

Bristol.

Bristol has been much to the fore lately on account of Mr. Uwins' record-breaking altitude flight. Mr. Uwins used a Vickers Vespa with Bristol Pegasus engine, and he reached an instrument height of 45,000 ft., thus beating the world's record by some two thousand feet. At the time of writing the actual height has not been ascertained, for there is still the correction of the instrument figures to "standard atmosphere," etc. But there seems little doubt that Mr. Uwins has succeeded in giving Britain the second of the three world's records that are really worth having. The first one Britain already holds, the speed record which was established by Flight-Lieutenant G. H. Stainforth in the Vickers Supermarine Rolls-Royce S6B with 407½ miles an hour.

Mr. Uwin's Vespa was very lightly loaded and the Bristol Pegasus engine had a slightly bigger supercharger impeller than normal; but

otherwise I believe that the engine was standard. Altogether it was a remarkable achievement for Mr. Uwins, and in particular for Mr. Roy Fedden, the designer of the engine and unquestionably one of the finest aero-engine engineers in the country. The record will do something to give the air-cooled engine its share of the limelight. Lately it has tended to fall into the background.

Two attempts on the record were made before it was achieved. On the first occasion an instrument height of 38,000 ft. was reached, and then trouble with the oxygen apparatus made it necessary to abandon the attempt. On the second occasion a height of 41,000 ft. was reached, and then the conditions were found to be unsuitable for further climbing, and the attempt was again abandoned. The third time was lucky.

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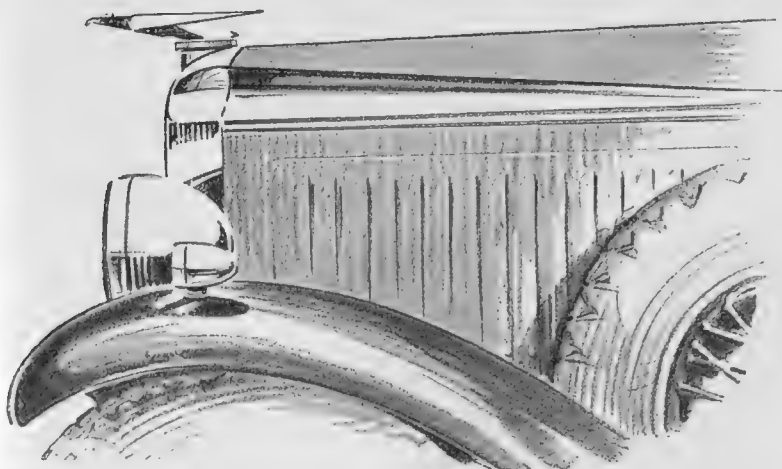
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THERE is no question of "mastering" the Vauxhall Cadet. It conspires to make you an expert driver. The Synchro-Mesh gears see to it that every gear-change, up or down, is faultless—you have only to push the lever across. The Silent Second makes it pleasant to use your gears properly. Steering, acceleration, braking, all respond to the merest indication of your wishes. At the end of a long drive you feel as fresh as your passengers.

And in the 1933 Cadet you have a notable advance in engine efficiency. Improved carburation gives smoother acceleration, sweeter performance, with more miles to the gallon. In appearance the Cadet is certainly one of the most aristocratic cars on the road, with its improved body lines and its distinctive flutes, now finished in gleaming chromium.

Ask for a trial run, or write for catalogue, to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Edgware Road, London, N.W.9.

Note these 1933 features:

PERFORMANCE. Synchro-Mesh, Silent Second, smoother acceleration, more miles to the gallon, soft yet decisive braking, effortless steering, improved choke giving easier starting.

COMFORT, CONVENIENCE. Luxurious upholstery in softest leather, smoother springing, improved shock absorbers, larger petrol tank, improved anti-glare sloping wind-

screen, anti-dazzle dipping headlights, dual electric screen wiper, larger tyres, smaller wheels, more leg room, central folding arm rests on the saloons.

STYLE. Dull chromium radiator guard, lower body lines, eddy-free roof front, chromium flutes and lamps, more massive bumpers, new luggage grid which stows away neatly.

4-door Saloon, with flush-type weatherproof sliding roof, £295. Grosvenor Saloon De Luxe, £325. Tickford All-weather Saloon, £335. Fixed-head Coupé (2- or 4-light), £295. Romney 2-seater Drop-head Coupé, £325. Denton 4-seater Drop-head Coupé, £335. All prices ex Works.

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**VAUXHALL
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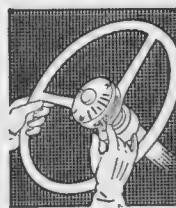
	12 h.p.	15 h.p.	Long 15	20 h.p.
Economy Saloon	— £265	—	—	—
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SPECIAL EQUIPMENT comprising Sliding Roof, Permanent Jacks and Bumpers: 12 & 15 h.p. cars £12. Long 15 & 20 h.p. cars £15.

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ALL WITH SELF-CHANGING GEAR



The Self-Changing Gear is simple and silent to operate. Pre-select the gear—depress and release the pedal—and gear is changed without loss of speed. Complete control is brought to the fingertips.

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL on car with ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY SELF-CHANGING GEAR-BOX WON THE BROOKLANDS MOUNTAIN RACE

After the race, Sir Malcolm Campbell said: "I am more than delighted with my first racing experience of the ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY SELF-CHANGING GEAR-BOX."

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Agents in all centres

Poker-Work—continued from p. 558

Without a sound, as silently as it had entered, the arm was swiftly withdrawn. Had the flap clicked back into place she might still have kept her head, but the noiseless closing of this, too, broke the last vestige of her control, and for the first time in her life Barbara fainted.

Healthy young women recover from a faint quickly, and it was not more than five minutes before she was sitting up again asking herself whether the whole thing was not a nightmare. An ugly burnt stain on the stone floor of the hall, a painful bruise on one elbow, and a long strip of skin adhering to a still warm poker convinced her at least that she had no ghost to deal with. On one point her mind was made up. Under no circumstances would she remain alone in the flat a minute longer. She was sure that Mrs. Valentine, when she heard her story, would come and sit with her until Charles got back; and a moment later she was ringing the bell of the flat above.

"I'm very sorry, madam," said the maid in answer to the inquiry for her mistress, "I don't think Mrs. Valentine can see you. Mr. Valentine has just had a very nasty accident—a bad burn—and Mrs. Valentine is dressing it now."

Barbara heard her own voice saying, "Oh, please don't bother her then," but all the time her brain was repeating, "What shall I do now, what shall I do now?"

She was no longer in the least frightened; only furious that she should have been so completely fooled.

She remembered with hot shame that she had discussed her private affairs with a woman about whom she knew nothing. Now she thought

about it in the light of after events. Mrs. Valentine (if she was Mrs. Valentine or indeed Mrs. anything) had been effusively, almost suspiciously friendly, and she might have thought it odd that her husband apparently did no work at all. She had noticed, without specially remarking, that Mrs. Valentine's lips were just a shade brighter and her general appearance a trifle more voyante than she liked. The more she thought about it the more convinced she was that she ought to have seen through the whole thing from the start, and that she would cut a very sorry figure when she told the tale to Charles. But would she? If she could only get hold of the police first she might still carry it off.

And so the call she had thought of putting through earlier in the evening under very different circumstances was made, and within a few moments she was speaking to the police-station.

It was sheer bad luck that the sergeant and Charles, who had got away from his dinner earlier than he had expected, should have met on the door-step, but at least it saved two explanations. Having called in the police there was no backing out. If any charge was to be made it must be at once, and so for the second time that evening Barbara found herself standing at the door of the Valentine's flat.

The interview, however, did not follow quite the lines that any of them had expected. There was first of all the difficulty of explaining to his wife that Mr. Valentine must see them at once in spite of his accident. This difficulty alone could hardly have been overcome had they not brought the representative of the law with them.

When their involuntary host did at last arrive, wearing a silk dressing-gown many sizes too large for him and with his right arm in

(Continued on p. xviii)



OLD HULMEIANS ASSOCIATION LACROSSE TEAM, 1931-2

Winners of the Iroquois Cup, which carries with it the Championship of England, North of England Senior Flags Competition, League Championship of the North of England, Referee's Trophy and Northern Club Championship

Left to right: Back row—W. Thorpe (president), J. A. Barber (chairman), A. R. Merchant, K. Rains, Councillor R. W. Shepherd (president N.E.L.A.), N. A. Barber, W. E. C. Sturman (referee). Centre—N. R. Coe, W. B. Stansby, A. G. Campbell, T. L. Brierley, J. C. Jarvis. Front row—T. R. Lee, J. P. V. Woollam (capt.), M. D. Pearson, R. E. Howard



Those who have not seen and heard this instrument do not realize what developments in radio reception have taken place. It is the

GAMBRELL - HALFORD "AUTORADIOGRAM"

which, in the "Daily Mail" report on the Radiolympia Exhibition, was described "as near perfection as anything the year has produced." A range of Radiograms and Receivers embodying the famous G. & H. 7/8 valve Super-het Chassis for A.C. and D.C. mains are supplied by **HALFORD RADIO LTD., of 39 Sackville Street, London, W.1** who will send full particulars and arrange demonstrations without obligation.

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Havas, London.

THE TIMES

NEW TYPE

on and after

MONDAY OCTOBER 3

From October 3, **The  Times** will appear printed throughout in a new type specially designed for easy reading. The change will be made with the approval of the most eminent medical opinion. The type which is now displaced has long been a model for newspapers throughout the world, but in response to the need, under modern conditions, of relieving the eye of all possible strain, a new standard of clearness and legibility will be set up.

On Monday also THE TIMES returns to an older and simpler form for its main heading. The Gothic title which a little more than 100 years ago supplanted the original Roman heading of THE TIMES and became, accidentally, the commonplace heading for all newspapers, has been dropped. The straightforward style, now reinstated, is typical of the great gain in clearness of print which has been achieved on every page. The simplicity of the whole title-piece has been served by the re-establishment of the Royal coat of arms as THE TIMES presented it in the last decade of the

18th century. It is reproduced at the beginning of this announcement.

To its many distinctive features THE TIMES thus adds its heading. It is as a heading should be, immediately recognizable and it is free from affectation, in accordance with tradition, and typographically consistent.

The new letterpress is the result of years of research and experiment by THE TIMES. For the first time a newspaper has designed its own printing type. It meets the difficulties of reading in trains and cars and by artificial light.

THE TIMES HAS MANY DISTINCTIVE FEATURES

Letters to the Editor, Parliamentary Reports, Imperial and Foreign News, Law Reports, Financial News, "Light" Leaders, the Picture Page. Other regular features include Sport, Society, Travel, the daily Crossword, the Bridge Article, &c. THE TIMES is admittedly the most reliable newspaper—it is Independent, National, Complete.

"PRINTING THE TIMES"

The new type and heading are described, and the reasons for the change explained, in a specially written booklet, entitled "Printing The Times."

"READING THE TIMES"

An illustrated booklet which is a guide to the contents and make-up of the paper for those who have not yet become regular readers.

THESE TWO BOOKLETS MAY BE HAD FREE AND POST FREE ON APPLICATION TO THE PUBLISHER, THE TIMES, PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE, E.C.4.

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A study in shades of grey

A new wool fabric of unusual design gives charm to this smartly tailored coat. Persian Lamb on the new style adaptable collar completes a very distinctive model.

In addition to grey, this coat is available in ruby, navy, nigger and black. Stocked in three sizes.



ARISTON

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Picture by Blake

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
(Marshall's Ltd.)
LEEDS

Poker-Work—continued from p. xvi

a sling, his demeanour was not at all that of a guilty man. "Good evening," he said cheerfully. "If you've come to complain about our wireless, you needn't have bothered to bring the force with you. I've told Elsa several times that these floors are only made of cardboard."

Charles was in no mood for jesting. "Look here," he snapped; "we came to see you about an attempt to break into our flat to-night. We have the strongest reasons for believing —"

"If you will excuse me for a moment," broke in their host, "though I don't quite see what this has got to do with me, I'm always ready to listen to a story, but I must have a drink first. What will you have? Nothing! And you, sergeant? No! Quite a Pussyfoot gathering. Elsa, you might mix me a whisky and soda, and not too weak."

"You see," he said, turning to the others apologetically while his wife crossed to a side table on which drinks were laid out, "I've just had a very nasty accident, and if I'm going to make a good listener I positively must have a drink first."

"Quit fooling," barked Charles, unconsciously dropping into the jargon of the films; and with this attempt to restore the atmosphere of melodrama he plunged into his story.

Ambrose Valentine heard him to the end without interruption, and then he turned to Barbara.

"You said the back of the forearm, I think, just above the wrist?"

Barbara nodded.

"Elsa, dear," he went on, "would you mind undoing these bandages for me; I can't manage them properly with my left hand."

His wife crossed the room without a word.

There ensued a moment's awkward silence, and then Ambrose Valentine held out his right hand for inspection.

The palm, the four fingers, and the thumb were thickly swathed in mauve gauze stained bright yellow with picric acid. The wrist and the forearm were clean without wound or scar.

Charles and Barbara stared dumbfounded, and it was left to Sergeant Smithers to make his one contribution to the conversation.

"It seems," he said, "there's bin some mistake 'ere."

"Exactly," agreed Ambrose Valentine. "Listen to me for a moment. I understand perfectly how the mistake arose. I was making up the fire to-night, when my foot slipped on the kerb, and in the attempt to save myself I plunged my hand into the live coals. That it should have happened to-night is a coincidence so strange as to be almost unbelievable, and I can only think myself extremely fortunate that Mrs. Collins chose the wrist for her experiment in poker-work and not the palm of the hand; otherwise I suppose nothing I could have said would have prevented my spending the night in a cell."

"Now are you quite sure you won't have a drink before you go? I'm sure you will, sergeant."

It was an awkward retreat to beat, but Charles made their apologies handsomely. Their host cut him short. "There is nothing whatever to apologize for," he said. "Any man would have done the same in your place. I certainly would myself."

The discharge of the police was even easier. It ended with the usual formula. "Well I'm very sorry to have brought you out on a fool's errand, sergeant. I'm much obliged to you."

"I'm obliged to you, sir."

Upstairs Elsa Valentine, having closed the flat door behind them, returned to the drawing-room to find her husband peeling yellow gauze off the perfectly undamaged fingers of his right hand. "I wish," he said, pulling up the left sleeve of his dressing-gown, "you'd come and dress this wound for me. It's getting infernally painful."

On the back of the left arm, just above the wrist-bone, showed a long angry scarlet wound.

Eve at Golf—continued from p. 560

putting competition by the lake—most thrilling of courses—was neglected. "The Bystander" takes that as the very highest tribute possible; its Girls' Championship has emerged from the ranks of a pleasant week with a championship and side shows; the championship, pure and simple, is now the sole and sufficient attraction.

Not that it will ever be, let's hope, anything but a pleasant week. The Craig Cup will still remain for defeated competitors, though it may be a long time before anybody betters the 1 up with which Miss Peggy Whitfield won it this time; the Stoke Court Cup, for the girl staying at Stoke Court who goes furthest in the championship, will remain a very delightful and coveted trophy, which has found a most deserving holder in Miss de Gunzburg. There will always, let us hope again, be a really sporting, friendly spirit, fostered not a little by the deliciously hospitable, free and easy, country-house-party atmosphere of Stoke Court, and the welcome at the club itself.

The weather was lovely; yes, undoubtedly "The Bystander" has led off with a big success, and now, when the English is over, nearly five hundred golfers will array themselves in battle for their Autumn Four-somes at Ranelagh and Roehampton. In connection with these the Forum Club have had the delightful idea of giving a golfing dinner during that week. Miss Joyce Wethered is to be the guest of honour: Lady Denman in the chair, and if the two well-known men golfers who have been asked to speak can only accept too, then the evening ought to be a really brilliant one.

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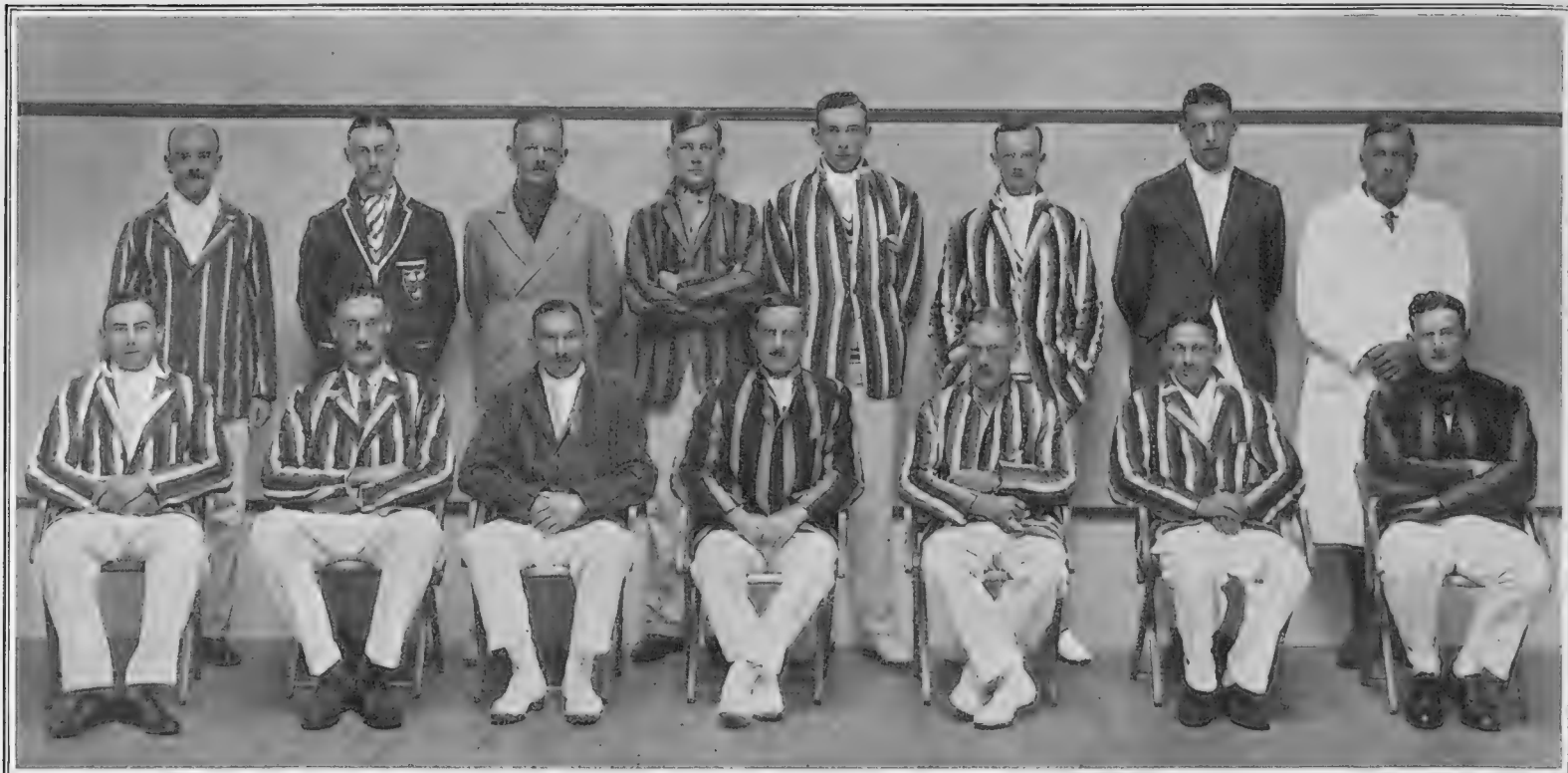
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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor urgently plead for £10 to train a cripple boy in the boot repairing trade. His mother is a widow, aged sixty-two; she has no pension, for her husband died uninsured. She earns a little by occasional nursing, etc., but this is a very precarious living especially as she grows older, and she has her cripple son entirely dependent on her, for he has no means of earning a living. There are two married daughters who help a little whenever they can, but they have families of their own and cannot do much. The Friends of the Poor are most anxious to get this boy trained so that he will have a chance of earning a living. They can get him into a training home for crippled boys, where he can live and be taught boot repairing. He will be boarded and trained for £20, and of this sum his mother and sisters have promised to contribute half. Ninety per cent. of the boys trained at this home obtain jobs at the conclusion of their training, so the future is very hopeful as the boy is intelligent and quick at learning. They are a very respectable family and most deserving of help. Please do help, £10 is very urgently needed.

Notwithstanding rumours that have been circulated from time to time concerning demolition or at least internal alterations at the Royal Opera House, Mr. Bertram Mills is able to announce that he has arranged for his annual dancing season, that has been so eminently popular and successful in recent years, to be opened at Covent Garden on Saturday evening, October 1. Extensive alterations, it is true, are being made at the rear of the Opera House, but the work will in no way interfere with that part of the building that is devoted to dancing. The actual work of rebuilding really only concerns the dressing-rooms in the annexe. The destruction of those rooms that once temporarily housed such great artists as the De Reskes, Patti, Melba, Albani, Pavlova, and Caruso must cause a sigh of regret at the passing of another London landmark.



"THE SPHERE" GOLF INVITATION MEETING

Mr. J. E. Bewsher presenting the challenge trophy to Mr. J. Cameron Anderson, the eventual winner of the eighteen holes stroke contest, after tying with Captain E. M. I. Buxton and Mr. C. Burnley Jones. Mr. Anderson also won it last year. In the left of this group will be seen Cameronian's owner, Mr. J. A. Dewar

Miss Albertina Rasch has arrived in London from New York to direct the dances for the new Drury Lane production, *Wild Violets*, which is due about October 25. On Saturday, seven of her most beautiful dancers, one leader and six girls, will reach London to take part in the show. Miss Rasch is perhaps the best known dance-director in America, having been responsible for the choreographic work of the late Flo Ziegfeld's revues for a number of years. The American girls are, of course, only a small percentage of the young people engaged for the play. The full company will be about seventy strong. The Rasch girls are required for special effect. As already announced, the company will include Miss Charlotte Greenwood, Mr. John Garrick, Miss Adele Dixon, Miss Jean Cadell, Mr. Morton Selten, Mr. Jerry Verno, Mr. Esmond Knight, Mr. Fred Conyngham, Miss Muriel Angelus, Mr. Louis Hayward, Miss Cecile Benson. There is no "star" in the usual sense.

Noel Coward has recently recorded at H.M.V. Gramophone Studios some of the most popular numbers from *Words and Music*, his new revue, which has become an immediate success at the Adelphi Theatre. His own versions of the following numbers will be ready shortly: "Mad Dogs and Englishmen," "Let's Say Good-bye," "The Party's Over Now," "Something To Do With Spring." In addition, he has recorded a medley of the lyrics and tunes which will form an excellent reminiscence of the revue for those who have seen it.

Noel Coward's previous records of his own plays have been very popular. Gramophone fans still play over and over again his songs from *Wake Up and Dream*, such as "A Room with a View" and "Learn to Love Just a Little Bit More." His love scenes from *Private Lives*, with Gertrude Lawrence, formed one of the popular records of recent years, and enormous sales were achieved by the record of the music of *Cavalcade*.

How Long was that Putt?

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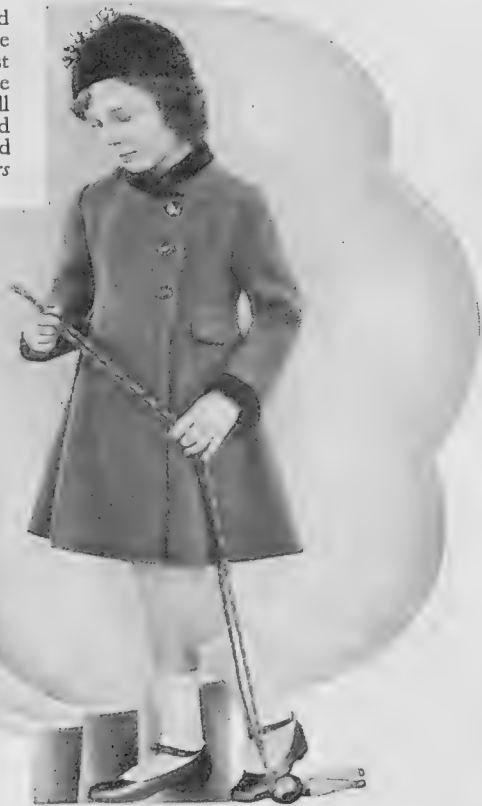


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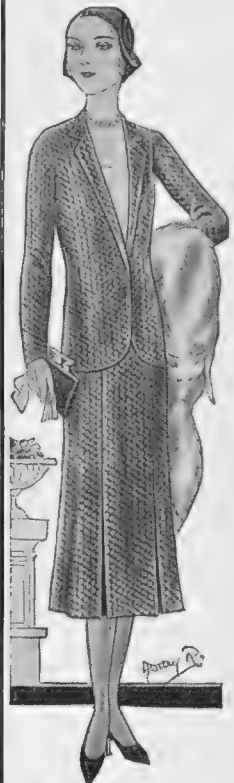
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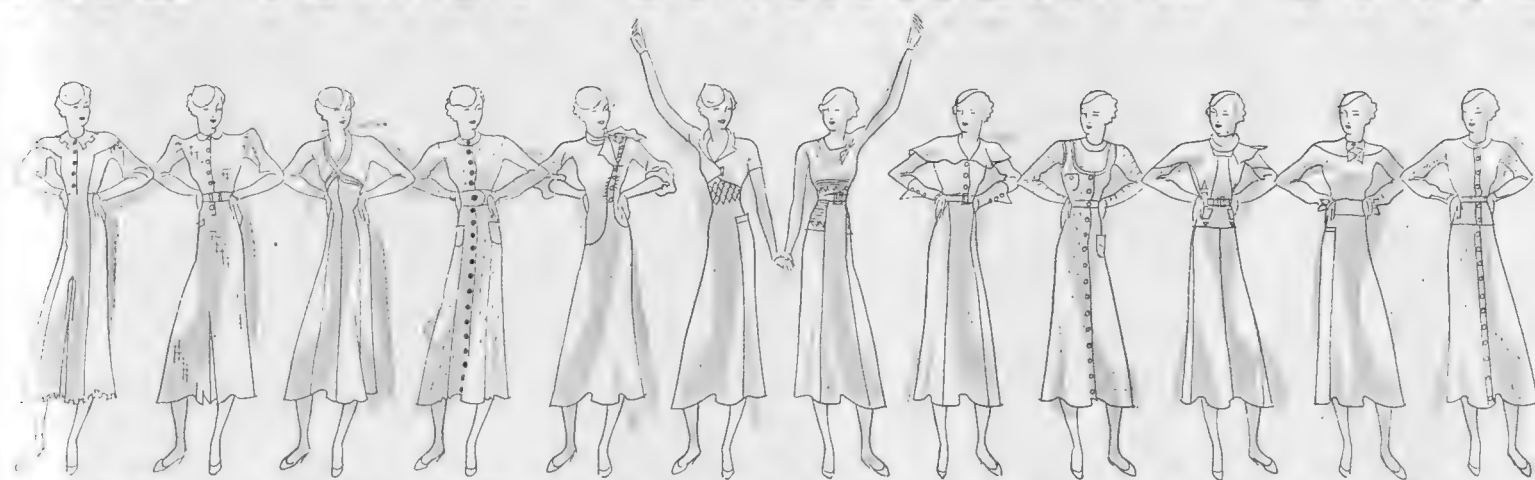
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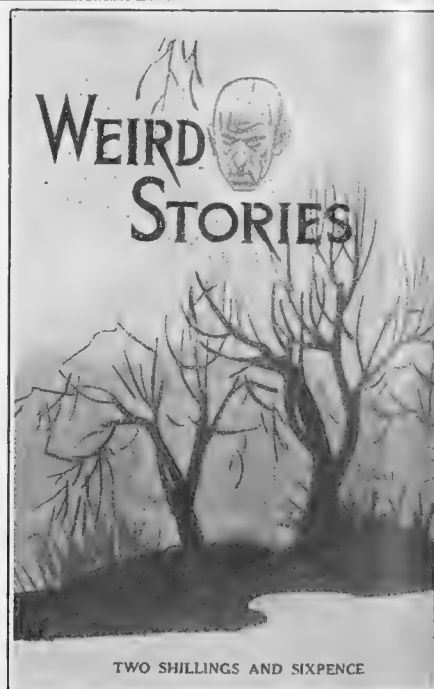
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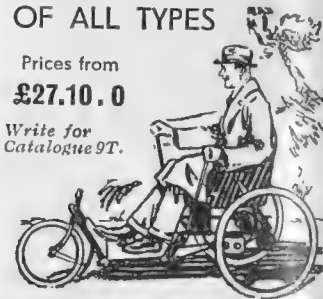
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This romantically lovely gown by Louise-boulanger is in pale blue satin with wavy silver stripes. There are pages and pages of other Paris and London clothes just as attractive to be found in this issue of Vogue. Photograph Hoyningen-Huené. Copyright

Look now in Fashion's Mirror

What do you see there? The dress that is the newspaper sensation of the moment? Or something correct but completely uninteresting? Or a fashion that will be quickly killed by over-popularity?

Not if you see the mode through the eyes of Vogue. Study yourself in the mirror of its new number, and you will come face to face with clothes that are infinitely subtle and infinitely chic. Let your wardrobe reflect the lesson of its pages, and it will be perfect in every detail—completely in the idiom of this season, yet looking just as exciting after months of wear.

Even if you don't need a single one of the models from the great houses shown in this issue, you must use them as a standard in choosing the clothes you do need, in your own shops and at your own price range.

This is the Paris Fashions Number. Later, of course, when the London fashion season is launched, Vogue will show the creations of the British couturiers. Meanwhile there are two pages of modish dresses already in the London shops, and a British-made wardrobe for the woman who is going to India.

See what Vogue has to say about the new furs, shoes and stockings, about complexions and make-up. . . . Whatever the size of your allowance, study the "Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes" section, with its Vogue Patterns to interpret the velvet mode, its "Discoveries in Chic Economy," its knitting and crochet ideas. . . . Keep in touch by reading the features on travel, entertaining, society, the stage and smartly inexpensive decoration. . . . Buy this Vogue and insure your chic and assure your up-to-dateness for the coming season.

Paris Fashions issue of

V O G U E 11

HARVEY NICHOLS



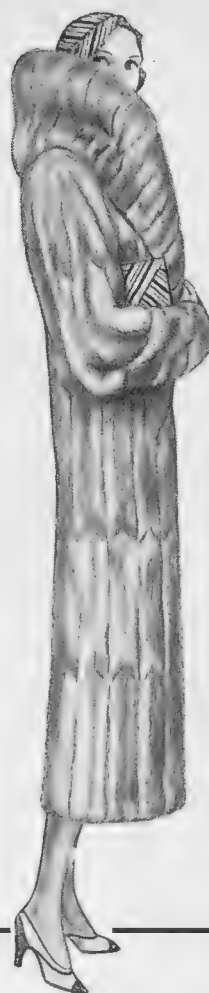
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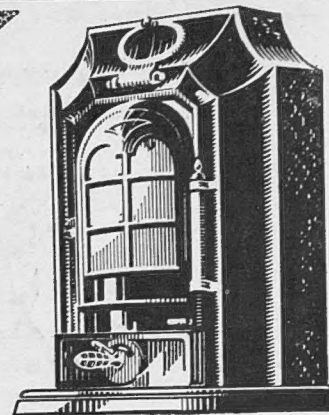


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VAPEX
WILL STOP THAT COLD



Sir Edward
—the Enthusiastic.



Monty's Streak of Lightning.

Lord Bob: "'Tis better to be born lucky than rich. Monty is the perfect example."

Sir Edward: "What's happened now?"

Lord Bob: "Last Brighton Meeting, he went down with Percy and Freddy for a few days' fishing, golfing and racing, and put up at the Metropole."

Sir Edward: "Very nice, too. Jolly place."

Lord Bob: "Quite right; they met Algy there, who gave them a great dinner, and although as you know Monty very seldom gets 'out of his stride,' he mixed his drinks a bit and, as I understand it, went to bed 'full of imagination.'"

Sir Edward: "I am still wondering how the saying applies."

Lord Bob: "Don't hustle me. That night he dreamt he was on the Racecourse when a terrific storm came on, during which he saw a horse struck by lightning."

Sir Edward: "Go on"

Lord Bob: "As you know, Monty is inclined to be rather superstitious; he looked upon the dream as an omen, and next day searched his card through for the name of a horse which had some reference to his dream."

Sir Edward: "Difficult, I should imagine?"

Lord Bob: "Yes; he had given it up, when in the last race he heard the bookies roaring 'Six-to-four "Strega." Like a flash he wired 'Duggie' a hundred on it."

Sir Edward: "But why 'Strega'? For the life of me I can't see it."

Lord Bob: "Neither could I until Monty explained it."

Sir Edward: "And what explanation did he give?"

Lord Bob: "Why, 'Strega' lightning, of course. Seems quite simple when it's pointed out. Poor old 'Duggie.'"

Sir Edward: "Oh, 'Duggie' won't mind; he'll enjoy the joke as much as anybody—that's why I'm so enthusiastic about him."

**Follow Sir Edward's advice—
Write a personal note to
"Duggie" now, and become
an equally enthusiastic client.**

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London.